The Vindication of ROBERT CREIGHTON

DANIEL FREDERICK FOX

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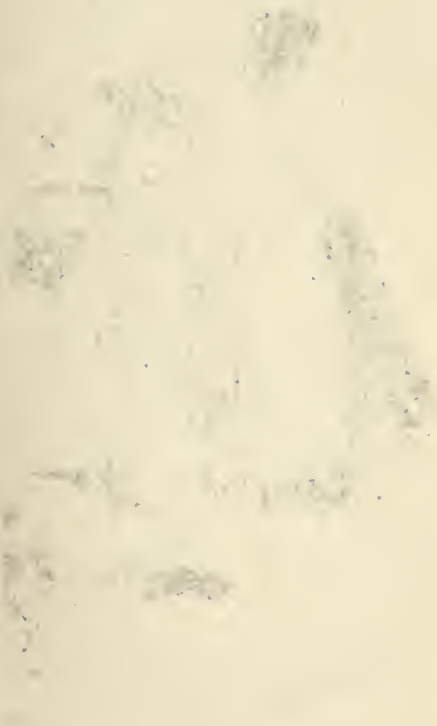

"Creighton believed that every man must have three things—religion, a job and a hobby."

The Vindication of Robert Creighton

A Tale of the Southwest

By
DANIEL FREDERICK FOX

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To
MY SILENT PARTNER
this volume is dedicated

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I

QUINN'S GOLDEN TEXT

HIS full name was John Quincy McQuade. To this there had recently been added the letters "M. D." To all of his friends he was known as "Quinn." By the facetious among these he was sometimes referred to, because of his genius in languages and his hobby for linguistics, as "The Professor." Even among strangers he was spoken of as "Quinn," "Mr. Quinn" or "Dr. Quinn." The reader will remember him as "Quinn."

He was a man of frank, striking appearance, dark complexion, and brilliant eyes.

Quinn loved two things—the mountains and children. He loved the mountains because they had given him health and a vision. He could have loved no living thing more tenderly than he loved the mountains. His golden text seven days in the week was, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills."

And he loved children. He loved them because they were natural and told the truth. "If they are your friends," he said, "they like you for your own sake and not for anything they can get out of you; children know their friends by instinct."

In all of his rambles, Quinn was accompanied by a fine collie that answered to the name of "Scotty." The two were familiar figures on the mountain trails that zigzagged up from the Arroyo and over the crest to Barley Flats. Sometimes they even crossed the further range and came out into Antelope Valley on the edge of the Mojave Desert.

On a sunny day in early July, coming up the trail on their return from a trip to the city, Quinn and his dog, whose chief duty seemed to be to carry in his mouth his master's copy of Theocritus or other classic, paused for a noonday meal beside the mountain stream. As he was gathering wood with which to light a fire, he lifted his eyes and saw, down the Arroyo, a man of middle age, with a peculiar slouch in his walk, and an unusual pallor in his face.

"He sure is a tenderfoot," Quinn said to himself. "That complexion doesn't belong to this part of the world."

The man walked slowly as if in search of something. He would take a few steps, then stop and look around. At one time he paused as if about to seat himself upon a rock close to the edge of the stream, but went on. Scotty had gone up to him, looked him over, and now came bounding back to his master as if to say, "A friend in trouble."

"I'm all in, partner," the stranger remarked as he drew near, lifting his cap and wiping the sweat

from his forehead. "I suppose the world looks good to you, and these birds are singing songs of hope into your ear, but to me it's a wail of despair."

"Nothing wrong with the world," Quinn replied. "The world has made good. Perhaps it's you."

"Partner, you've said it," the stranger sighed. "I've tried, and tried honestly to make good, but I don't seem to be able to come back."

"I know that gone feeling," Quinn replied, "but a square meal generally gives me the lift I need. No use trying to decide weighty problems on an empty stomach. Come along, have a seat on the soft side of this stone, and we'll talk it over between bites."

As the stranger seated himself, Quinn deftly built a fire, and, having heated the coffee, offered the stranger a steaming cup. "Here," he said, "throw a bit of this hot coffee into your system; it will hold you together until the food is ready." In a twinkling, Quinn cut a smooth branch from a near-by elder, upon which he spitted several strips of bacon; this he hung on a couple of notched twigs that were stuck into the ground beside the fire. An appetizing odour soon pervaded the air as the bacon sizzled and dripped above the glowing coals, and hardly had the stranger finished his coffee before Quinn was offering him a piece of bread with the crisp, brown bacon upon it. "Any

preference ——" he said, " rare or well done, dark or light meat? "

The muscles in the stranger's face began to relax as Quinn laughed heartily, his laughter resounding through the Arroyo and the reëchoing hills.

" Now tell me about it, if you want to," said Quinn, after they had finished the meal, " and maybe we can pull together and put something across that will be worth while."

" I don't know why I talked to you as I did a moment ago, but you're on the square, all right," responded the stranger, " and anyway, it can't be worse. I'm just out of the pen."

" Yes? "

" That accounts for the difference in our complexions. Yours is a fine nut-brown, mine's chalky. You're entitled to yours, and I'm not saying but what I am to mine. I'm not saying I don't deserve it. But listen to me. Tell me, what is a man going to do who wants to make good and applies for a job, and when they ask him for references? Unless he lies, he has got to say, ' I'm just done serving time.' I reckon you don't know what I'm talking about. Have you ever been up against it? "

Scotty sat before the man, looking up into his face, blinking his eyes knowingly, and pounding the ground with his tail.

Quinn found himself perplexed.

"There ought to be some way," continued the stranger, without waiting for a reply, "whereby every man who wanted a job could get it. If there were a job for every American, then every citizen under the flag would love it. Don't you think so?"

"You have no relatives to give you a lift?" suggested Quinn. "Father, son,—a brother, perhaps?"

"I have a daughter," said the stranger. "I had a brother ——" He broke off, his eyes wet with sudden feeling. "I had a brother," he repeated—but could, or would not go on for a minute. "As I was saying," he reverted, "every man in this country should have a job for the asking. Look at this. A poor boob is sent up, found guilty on a charge of highway robbery. He snatched a woman's hand-bag with a powder-puff in it, a street-car transfer and thirty cents! Now, he shouldn't have stolen. But he was—well, never mind how hard up he was—in the eyes of the law, he is a criminal. He serves his time. What I want to know is, why doesn't the state set aside a percentage of the money that that man earns, hold it, and give it to him for a new start after he has done his time?

"Or, here is a man who has stolen from honest poor folks their hard-earned savings. He's sent to the pen. Right. What I want to know is, why doesn't the state make that man work until he repays every cent of the money that he's stolen?

" Or, here is a man who is doing time while his wife and children are made to shift for themselves. What I want to know is, why doesn't the state pay that man's wife a percentage of the money he earns? Why do we make the innocent suffer with the guilty?

" Or, here is a man who has done time and now they find that he was railroaded in. He is innocent. What I want to know is, why doesn't the state reimburse that man for the wrong that has been done him?

" Manifestly, I can't be all of these men. I may or I may not be any of them, but I tell you I know some things, and when I know a thing, I know it as well as anybody knows anything.

" It seems as if it would be easy enough to find work in a city of a quarter of a million, but I've been answering ads for weeks, and whenever I got next to the employer, and he asked for references, it was all off. I tried for the position of floor-walker, clerk, bookkeeper, salesman on a commission basis, but nothing doing. I was offered what seemed a good thing, but it turned out that they wanted a spotter; they wanted me to ride on the street-cars and spot the conductors to see if any of them were knocking down the fares. But I couldn't take a job like that.

" It's a long story, and here I am with a few coins and an empty stomach. I know now why so many poor fellows find comfort in whiskey.

Think of the tired, weak, miserable company that line the park benches! When a thing has happened to you, you know what it's like."

The stranger was silent for a moment, then suddenly straightening himself, and gazing earnestly into the face of his new-found friend, he continued, "Do you know why seventy-five per cent. of the men who have done time go back? They think the world's dead against them. They are desperate because the odds are against them. Is it any wonder there is murder in their hearts? I don't care if it is their own fault. Most of them are not bad; they are weak.

"It's discouraging to think that we can't make use of our common experiences and somehow get together in team work for the good of all, and especially for the good of those who are coming after us. I'm up against it, I tell you," the man concluded. "I don't care how far down the line I must begin, if there is a chance to come back; but I have tried, and as things stand now, I can't cash in my prospects at two cents on the dollar. I have no to-morrow."

It is a trait of human nature that when we find out a man is a criminal, we are interested—all of us. We want to know how it feels to be a criminal. When, however, we find in how many ways he is just like ourselves, our interest suddenly ceases and we quit the trail.

"Water seeks its level," Quinn was saying to

himself as he listened to the stranger. Then he thought of his golden text, and it occurred to him that this was precisely what the man before him was doing, looking "unto the hills." No man could talk like this without having had a world of experience. And the man had evidently thought to some purpose; he had the marks of a leader.

"Couldn't you get anything to do in your line while you were serving your time?" Quinn inquired. "Generally they give a man work in his line if they have it, and he is qualified."

"There was nothing for me to do. I'm a civil engineer. In my day, I was a shark at mathematics. No, there was nothing in my line. But that wasn't the worst of it. It was the spirit of the place. To-day, in most people's thoughts, punishment is supposed to be remedial and disciplinary. In the human hell in which I served my time, it was terrifying. Thus, in addition to being cut off from everything that exercises a saving influence in a man's life—the love of wife, child, home, work, play, hope, ambition—the very worst that was in us was aroused by the treatment we received."

"Don't you know anybody who could help you get back into business life?" Quinn refrained from suggesting relatives again.

"Yes, I have acquaintances, as all men have, and I also have a few friends. By friends I mean those who know all about you and still believe in

you. But I have lost my friends, or rather I covered my trail when the trouble came so that they have lost me. I want to spare them the sorrow and humiliation, and until I am on my feet again, I will not make my whereabouts known." Then pausing thoughtfully as if weighing the consequences of what he had said, the stranger continued, "I had one friend, a brother. I have tried to find him, but he evidently has adopted my own tactics, for I can't get a clue of him except an absurd one that leads across continents and seas. He was the most capable, all-around man I ever knew. He was scholarly and practical, with the happiest combination of cultural and vocational training I have ever met. When I came West years ago, he remained in the East. As a young man, he met a serious disappointment. If I could find him, he would understand; but he's somewhere, and I'm here," and the stranger waved his hand as he concluded. "As for my little girl, well—she is not far off. I have traced her, but I don't want her to find me. Down and out as I am, how could I be any sort of father to her?"

Ordinarily Quinn was fertile in suggestions, but he found himself confronted with a situation that baffled him. Here was an unusual man. This was an extraordinary situation. "I'll think of a lot of brilliant things to say to-morrow, and by next week I'll know just what should have been

done. That's the way with a one-cylinder mind like mine," he mused. Then he suddenly recalled the fact that the stranger was a civil engineer, and the range of his interests widened. He knew that work was being projected in the mountains for impounding the storm water, and instantly he decided on a line of action.

"I've had a jolt or two myself, in my time," he said half to himself and half to the stranger, "but I guess I've never really been up against it," and carefully putting out the fire and throwing his pack over his shoulder, he turned to the stranger and said:

"How would you like to take a turn over the mountains? I'm going up the trail; it's some hike, but if you care to come along, I can introduce you as a friend from the East."

The man hesitated a moment. Then he advanced, and extending his hand, said, "My name is Robert Creighton. Bob will do."

"My friends call me Quinn," was the reply.

Then an odd light came into the stranger's eyes. "Did you say your name was Quinn?" he inquired, with suppressed eagerness.

"Yes," responded the young physician, curiously.

"Thank you. I sometimes need to have a name repeated—to get it by heart. And to tell you no lies, there are sometimes other better reasons—which may wait, until you care to hear

them," he said, laughing for the first time during their conversation.

"Whenever you like," said Quinn, smiling. But it was to be long before the matter was referred to again, Creighton apparently forgetting it, and Quinn dismissing it from his thoughts as of no consequence.

II

HITTING THE TRAIL

FOR a long time they walked in silence, single file, Quinn leading the way and setting the pace.

Half the time it seemed to Creighton they were crossing the stream, the other half doubling back, stepping on boulders, around which the waters tumbled in splendid confusion.

"How you coming?" Quinn exclaimed, springing from rock to rock.

"It makes me tingle from head to foot," said Creighton, getting down on his knees and, pushing his face into the crystal stream, he drank deeply.

"Beats all the juleps that were ever mixed," said Quinn. "No brown paper taste next morning."

"You've got it doped out right," returned the other.

"Where's the dog?" cried the young man, suddenly. "Queer how you get to like a dog, isn't it? Here he comes! Hello, Scotty, old boy! Carry the book. He's my chief helper, Mr. Creighton."

The trail now left the stream. It wound around the mountain like a lasso. As the air grew thinner, Creighton found it harder to keep up with Quinn, who was lengthening his stride and going forward with a steady swing.

"Crooked path?" said Quinn. "A ram's horn's as straight as a sunbeam compared to this trail, but that's the glory of it," and they stopped a moment to look down into the ravine, noting where the trail doubled back on itself.

It pleased Quinn to note, as time went on, that Creighton was an observer. He needed no looking after. And the fellow could talk! There was a singular interest, a quick response, an easy brevity, and an almost startling directness in his speech. He could talk—but he could also keep quiet.

"City people don't know much," Quinn used to say. "It's the man who lives in the country that holds his tongue and thinks! He often has only his thoughts for company."

"This man is surely at home in the mountains," Quinn mused, as Creighton paused to get a second sight of a shrub. "It may be his first trip over this trail, but it is not his first hike over the hills." Scotty was near, barking eagerly, and Creighton was talking to him. Creighton now peeled off a piece of bark from a brown madroña tree and spoke of its habits. He noted the rich foliage of the bay trees and observed how some of them

sprang out of the ground, grew into the bodies of other trees, and then doubled back into themselves again. "Robbers of the forest," he said, "stealing vitality from their neighbours."

"You'll do," said Quinn to himself, as, in an elbow of the trail, he saw Creighton seize a handful of the bay leaves from an overhanging tree, crush them and smell their fragrance.

After hours of climbing, they reached the highest point of the range. There, Quinn threw his pack on the ground and, looking across the mountains and down into the valley, he turned to Creighton and asked, "Did you ever wrap yourself in a blanket, watch the stars come out, and sleep all night under the open sky? That's the thing that puts blood into your veins.

"Did you ever see a sky like this?" continued Quinn, a good physician, but a better poet. "Look at that storm driven by a pack of sunbeams! See that cloud winding itself around the brow of that peak! Look at those shadows crouching in the ravine! Watch that eagle on the crag! There he goes, sailing down into the valley! Did you ever see a lark come down across the morning sky sideways? Look! All the architects of all the ages could never unriddle such an array of splendours. It makes a city look like a bunch of hen coops." Quinn suddenly came to earth, and he grinned sheepishly. But the appreciation in Creighton's eyes held him up to his high sincerity.

"I tell you, man," he resumed, "this is the thing that clears out a fellow's brain. It takes the mountains to lift a man out of the prate of the lowlands. And all this belongs to all of us—any of us, with the eyes to see!"

Creighton looked at Quinn with curiosity. He had met many men, but never one like this, and he had no answer ready. After a moment, Quinn continued, "I am not saying that a man ought to be happy watching the grass grow, and milking cows. A man can get into Heaven even if he hasn't plowed corn with a mule to see if he can keep his temper. Fine clothes and good food give us pleasure and comfort, but what I am aiming at is the poor foundations our modern life often seems to rest on. A man makes a fortune out of a plug of tobacco, a stick of chewing gum, or a porous plaster, then he struts around as a lover of art, a connoisseur of porcelains and tapestries. He doesn't know anything about them; they are junk on which he pays insurance, but he blows his horn and the walls of Jericho fall. The horn is lined with gold.

"The last time I went down the trail, I met a man who owns a private gallery. I tried to point out the rich tobacco colour in the bark of the cedar trees. I spoke of how it glows into gold at noon, and deepens into a rich wine at night, but all it made him think of was his pipe!" Quinn's feeling lifted his speech to eloquence. "I pointed out

the balsam trees, silvering in the moon over the squaw grass that grows in the open spaces between the manzanita, but all to no purpose. He saw nothing. All of this—sky, stars, trees, hills—never quickened his pulse. That old dub owns a gallery of masterpieces, but when God hung His glories across the sky, he was as blind as a bat."

In the midst of this rhapsody, Scotty bounded suddenly into view, and as they turned, they saw a slender woman coming along the trail.

She was dressed in khaki, with mountain boots and hat. Her cheeks were glowing and her eyes were smiling with the inner vision that good men love.

As Quinn saw her, he swung off his cap, and sprang forward to grasp her hand. "I say, Jean," he cried, "this makes the picture right. This is 'Inspiration Point.'"

After a moment's pause, only a moment, during which Quinn looked first at one, then at the other, he said:

"Miss Mundell, this is Mr. Creighton."

At the mention of his own name, Creighton, who, stone-still, had been looking at her from her first appearance, started, glanced around as if he expected some other man to come forward, but instantly recovering himself, lifted his cap and pronounced her name with the clear enunciation of educated speech. But in spite of his evident breeding, he gazed long and piercingly into her

face; then, suppressing his interest, he bowed, and resumed his cap.

"Are there any newcomers at the camp?" asked Quinn.

"Oodles of them," replied Jean, "and everybody is waiting for you. You're down to entertain the children, and they have been making great preparations. Rock Room has been transformed into a Moorish palace. You promised an entertainment before you went away. It's nominated in the bond, and they are going to collect payment in full," and Jean laughed heartily.

Creighton sensed the pleasurable quality of her voice; he noted the refined, subdued, yet hearty ring of her laughter; it was all so wholesome, so genuine, so worth while!

The three now started down the trail that led to the camp.

At the turn in the trail, Creighton again saw Jean's face, and as he looked, something within him answered to something without. In a vague way he understood, so he explained it to himself, perhaps it was the call of the hills, the call of the view, the call of the sky, the call of life; all of this urged him to take his part in life again with this kind of man, this sort of woman. The call came—and the answer.

"She knows," he said to himself; "she's the sort that knows whether a man is worth looking at or not." Then a sense of despair smote him. He

stared into the distance. He felt himself slipping. A picture of other days swam into the field of his consciousness. Sweat came out on his forehead. His heart faltered.

Quinn and Jean were now talking, and Creighton heard something about "sailing," and "a mission to the Orient." But though he listened attentively, he could make nothing of what they said.

At one time Jean trembled, Creighton thought, as if something had frightened her. He saw the blood creep into her temples; he saw her cheeks surge with rich, youthful life, and her eyes fill with light. He noted that there was a wordless understanding between the two.

Finally the three descended a slope of the trail, and there, Creighton saw before him, beyond a mountain stream, the cottages that made a camp; and, crossing the bridge, they met Scotty, who had gone before them, and now came to welcome them as they arrived.

Quinn led Creighton to a tent cottage, and as they passed through the door, he said, "There are two cots here, as you see; you are welcome to sleep in one of them. After a wash-up, you can lie down and rest for an hour, if you wish. Supper will not be served until six o'clock, and I want you to be my guest."

"Thanks!" said Creighton, as Quinn went out, and he tried to say something else, but Quinn had gone.

Quinn found Jean sitting on the veranda of the hotel, feeding the squirrels.

"Well!" he said, as he found his chair. "This place looks better all the time."

"Who is Mr. Creighton?" asked Jean, directly.

"Bob Creighton is his name. That's all I know. I met him on the way up. Scotty says he's all right."

"He doesn't look very well, does he?" Jean queried.

"He has just finished a term, he told me," Quinn replied. "He's been rather closely confined, I imagine—needs air and the sun."

"Isn't it a pity that our colleges turn out so many wrecks?" cried Jean, innocently.

"Some are turned out and some graduate. It all amounts to the same thing in the long run, I guess."

Then ensued a pause. To even the casual observer, the situation between the two young people was plainly tense.

"When are you sailing?" Jean asked presently, breaking the silence.

"Next week," Quinn replied. "I have my sailing orders. It's all arranged. She's a funny old boat, but she's better than a hospital! All sorts of queer people aboard! Besides, I have that mission with sealed orders. Romantic, isn't it?" And then as he saw her eyes were filling, he said, more gravely, "Suppose we walk!"

Jean nodded.

Together they went down the path that led to the bridge where they could overlook the falls.

"I don't like the falls to-day," Jean remarked, as they stood on the bridge. "They are in such a hurry to get away to the sea; they seem to be taking you away with them!"

"I wouldn't go!" Quinn replied. "If the job wasn't put on me. And the experience is going to help me. It's strange how the marvellous comes into our lives! A week ago, I knew nothing about all this. But I'll turn the clock forward, and when I come back—we'll be married the day I land here!"

And they stood in silence. Above them towered the mountains, beneath them were the falls, and as the sun went down behind the peaks, the peace of Nature's twilight entered into their own hearts. They knew and loved each other. Together they would plan and endure.

III

COMING BACK

ON the mountainside, in a sheltered cove that overlooked the valley, stood a cabin. To newcomers, it was pointed out as the "Johnson Home." A picturesque line of bay trees shaded the roadway that led up to the house and filled the air with refreshing odours.

Here, for a number of years before his recent death, Seth Johnson had lived in retirement with his only daughter. His sister had taken care of the house, and had been, at the same time, a mother to the girl. Sam Stutesman had been for years his trusted servant. Such was the household. Seth and his daughter had been inseparable. She had inherited from her father much of his temper and fearlessness. Decided in her likes and dislikes, she was loyal to her friends, compassionate to the unfortunate. She had been the pride of her father, and devoted to him. She had thrown about him a protecting love that made his ways more comfortable. She knew, in a vague way, that some cloud had passed over the sky of his life. She knew also that he had worked against the thrusts of a treacherous combination, and that he had suffered mentally. Beyond this, he had not

chosen to take her into his confidence. But he had never allowed himself any self-pity. He had faced life bravely. "Time puts it all into the rag-bag," he had said. "Experience is costly, but it's worth it."

Johnson had been a man of initiative and energy. He had been drawn West as a young man by the promise of its resources and opportunities. He had tramped many a mile over the mountains. It was a long story. His wife had died before the better days had begun to dawn, and he found himself alone with his child and a fortune. He had sent Beth away to a girls' school, and subsequently to college. All her school experience had been shared with Jean Mundell; they were fast friends. Beth's father—for some reason or other—a guardian to Jean—had suggested that Jean make her home with them, after college was over for the girls. "You will be company for each other," he had said.

Beth remembered the home in which she had lived in the city when she was a child, but she always loved the cabin in the mountains. Each summer they had gone a little earlier, remained a little later, and when on a fine September afternoon her father asked if she could make it her home, Beth rejoiced. "We can go down to the city as often as we wish," he had said, "and we have the telephone and the mail to keep us in touch with the world."

Now, Beth had known that her father, retired though he was, was not idle. He often made long trips, coming and going at unexpected intervals. On certain days he always met the postman. Sometimes a number of men called and went away, having received orders. Quinn, she understood vaguely, was concerned in all of this mystery. Her father had said as much.

"I've put my affairs into the hands of a trust company," he said one day. "I don't like details, and as I am Quinn's guardian, I have placed his affairs with the same company. When I am gone, they will tell you what to do." He paused reflectively. "And they will have," he added, "a commission for Quinn to perform. The nature of it——"

Beth listened thoughtfully. "Why do you speak in this way, Daddy dear?" she asked.

"It's my love for you," he replied, "and my duty to somebody else. That's what has kept me alive."

Then Sam called him, and the two men walked down the path together, talking earnestly. It was the last conversation Beth had with her father. He died a few weeks later. What commission for Quinn had been placed in the hands of the trust company, her father had forgotten to tell her.

As Jean and Quinn stood overlooking the falls, Beth came along the trail. As she reached the

bridge, they called to her and the young man with her—he was Duke Bunnell, Quinn noticed.

Standing on the bridge, they all watched the water plunge from the rocky shelf until dinner time, when they walked to the hotel, where they found Creighton pacing back and forth on the veranda. On entering the dining-room, now crowded with guests, to Creighton's relief he was placed alone at a table where he could see and think.

Rock Room had been so named because in the corner of the lobby there was a boulder. Around this boulder the room had been built. Upon its top a dozen or more children could be installed. To the left of it was a fireplace, on whose andirons logs glowed a welcome. In the opposite corner was a table made out of a log, cut through and polished. The walls were decorated with the skins of animals.

Quinn believed in taking a childlike part in children's pleasures. As he came into the room after dinner, he was greeted with a cheer. Scotty, never far from his master, settled himself on the bearskin in front of the fireplace, looked up into his master's face as much as to say, "You're a wonder," then turned his head to one side as if to listen more attentively.

Quinn began with a rapid fire of questions. "One of our boys," he said, "has sunburn. Why is his skin full of fire while mine is not? What is the difference between orange skin and an apple

skin, peach skin or a baseball covering? Why are some skins tender and some tough? What happens when a skin is tanned? Do liquids have skins? What holds a drop of water together? Why is it round? Have all liquids the same kind of skins? Will fifty drops of alcohol give you the same bulk in quantity that you get from fifty drops of water? Yes or no; why?"

By this time everybody was interested.

"I'm holding a fine sieve in my hand," continued Quinn. "Over the wire in the sieve, I'm going to rub the end of this candle. Now I will fill the sieve with water. The water won't run through. Why not? But when I pour alcohol into the sieve, it goes through! Why?"

"It cuts its way through," said one of the boys.

"Why?"

"It's different."

"What is the difference?"

"It has a finer skin."

"Now, the skin of a drop of water will stretch. To stretch it better, we will mix a little glycerine in it. See how, when I blow into the water, each drop stretches, enlarges until we have a fine, large bubble. Now see how, when I shake it off from the end of the blow-pipe, it comes down. I can catch it on my hand, throw it up, have it rebound from my sleeve, jump back again, and all this because it is elastic, almost like a rubber ball.

"In this bottle I have some ether. You don't know now what that is, but never mind about that.

I'm going to pour some of the ether on a piece of this blotter, drop the blotter into a jar, blow the bubble, hold it over the jar and saturate it with the ether vapour. To do this, I must lower the bubble into the jar because the vapour is too heavy to come to the top. When you go into a cave," Quinn said, turning to the boys who were sitting on a rock, "don't lie down unless the cave is well ventilated. Poison vapours crawl along the floor, and if you lie down and breathe them, they may kill you. Don't forget that. What has happened to our bubble? Just as the alcohol cut its way through the paraffin in the sieve, so the vapour from the ether has cut small holes into the skin of the bubble and crawled inside. Now I will lift the bubble out. Watch!"

As Quinn held it nearer the candle, the bubble ignited, and, with a tiny puff, exploded.

"A balloon on fire," shouted one of the boys.

Another and still another bubble was blown and burned, while the children cheered with excitement.

While all this was going on, Creighton sat unobserved just inside and back of the door.

"What sort of human is this anyway?" he mused to himself as he watched Quinn. "Gives a stranger a lift, shares his bunk with him, is the center of attraction at the dinner table, is at home with the children, and now, in a perfectly easy and natural manner, is welding all ages together around a point of common interest."

At first Creighton had looked amused, then interested, then absorbed. Before he was aware of it, the muscles of his face had relaxed, there was a tremor on his lip. He noted now how Jean, Beth and Duke were working together to make the evening successful, and he observed what a happy company all these people were as they left the room and sauntered out onto the porch. As he went, one of the boys grasped his hand and exclaimed, "Wasn't that fun?" Creighton trembled. It had been ages since his hand had touched the soft, warm fingers of a child!

For a long time Creighton stood outside the door of the tent cottage, going over the events of the day. At first he was happy; then came a violent revulsion. A whirlpool of grief seemed sucking him in. This day of all days had been hardest for Creighton to bear. It was the anniversary of his wedding. The years had come and gone, and with them all that life held in store of happiness and hope. How terrible life is! In the distance he heard voices, laughter, applause. From the big house came the music of a waltz, and, through the windows, he saw the young people dancing. The wind stirred in the trees that swayed gravely as they flung their shadows around him. Through the leaves, he saw the young moon, close at hand; moths were beating in the tent light. Now all the lights flashed twice, the warning signal for bed, for in twenty minutes the dynamo would stop.

Suddenly the air was vibrant with the notes of an old melody. Creighton listened:

"Mid pleasures and palaces,
Though we may roam,—"

The melody fell upon his withered life like a refreshing shower:

"A charm from the skies
Seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world,
Is ne'er met with elsewhere."

He was awestruck with the beauty of it. As wave after wave of the song pulsed through his being, it seemed to Creighton that his soul was being cleaned of the prison taint that had clung to him like the scent of death.

For the first time in many years, a tear ran over his cheek. But he did not heed his tears. He only knew, in a dim way, that he was coming back. In his memory, the happy faces of the children lately with him were glorified, and as the warm drops wet his face, he knew relief, and peace like a mantle settled on his spirit.

Long after the lights had gone out he walked beneath the stars. At last he went inside.

For a moment, on his bed he lay enjoying the comfort of it all; then his eyes closed in slumber, and he fell asleep in a chamber whose windows opened toward the dawn. Yes, Creighton had "come back."

IV

A THOROUGHBRED

WHEN Creighton came out of the dining-room the next morning, some one approached him and, handing him his card, said, "Good-morning, sir. My name is Russell. I am chairman of the Board of Supervisors." He went on to say that an unexpected situation had arisen and he wondered if Creighton would be willing to help him out. Quinn had thought perhaps he might. An engineering project was under way, and an expert was needed; half a day would prove whether Creighton could swing the job. He said much about rainfall, soil, tree growth and the necessity of gathering data on the same.

It was hard for Creighton to quiet the rising tide of emotion that arose within him. For a moment he seemed to be sailing away into unconsciousness, but not knowing just what to say, he managed to stammer out:

"I should think it would be a good thing to consult, along with government reports, the pioneers in the valley, and the prospectors in the mountains.

Through the years they have accumulated some first-hand knowledge that would be exceedingly valuable."

"Precisely," replied Russell. "Sam," he called, looking to the other end of the veranda, "I want you to meet Mr. Creighton," and turning and calling again, "Duke, come here a minute, please," and to Creighton he introduced Duke Bunnell, one of the engineers.

"Mr. Creighton, gentlemen," said Russell, "is the superintendent of your gang, and I want you to give him the benefit of what you know about the mountains. You are to drill through the sand and gravel for bed-rock, down in the narrows of the Arroyo."

All this had come about so quickly, so melodramatically, that it was fortunate for Creighton that he had a little time to think things over going down the trail, also that Sam volunteered some general information concerning the undertaking.

When Creighton came into camp, he found the tent houses for the men in place, kitchen and dining service installed, and everything in readiness to go forward with the drilling.

There were granite walls on both sides of the bank at a place where the Arroyo narrowed down to three hundred feet. Here, a dam with sluices to let out the overflow was to be put in, and above it, a bridge to connect the foothills road. As he turned and looked toward the mountains, Creigh-

ton saw before him the natural basin for a reservoir—the place for a storage lake. He thrilled at the thought of it, and said to himself as he joined the men for the evening meal: "A great thing for the country! And work for an army of men!"

"That man, Quinn, is a prince," said Sam, as the men were eating in the tent dining-room. "Clean as a hound's tooth, and what he doesn't know about the mountains isn't in the books."

"Well, he ought to know it," replied one of them. "Here's where he grew up. He had it bumped into him and rubbed into him, and soaked into him."

"You know these parts, Mr. Creighton?" inquired a man sitting next to him.

Creighton felt a strange sensation. Not for a long time had he sat in a circle of men, treated as an equal. He drank a glass of water, then clearing his throat and ignoring the question that had been directed at him, he said:

"You called Quinn a thoroughbred. Why—may I ask?"

"Why! Quinn's dad was chief ranger of this whole section years ago, but he lost his money trying to put a railroad through," said Sam, "and when his folks died, Quinn had to shift for himself. He had plenty of chances to go over the toboggan, all right. The skids were greased for him, as they are for any man who is just naturally popular like he is. But look at him! He was

up and fussing early this morning about a prospector up in his shack! Quinn went to see him before breakfast, and he was saying, 'Poor scout seems to be doing everything he can to drink himself to death, and it looks as if he was going to have his own way about it. I don't know what we can do to stop it. Seems a little late in the day for him to wake up.' Quinn has more real fun doing what he's doing than any man I know! Money? He doesn't know its colour. He's as poor as any of us, but if this project goes through, a ranch in the valley that belongs to him can be irrigated. This will put him on easy street where a thoroughbred like him ought to be."

Creighton began to feel a little more at ease. "The thing that strikes me about Quinn," he said, "is the fact that he knows what he's talking about!"

"Now you're talking," said Sam. "Did you see how he entertained the kiddies, and all the time he was telling the grown-ups a lot of things they never knew before? I heard him tell the boys one night, 'It isn't what you see,' says he, 'going over the trail, and it isn't what you hear; it's what you remember that makes you educated.'

"We had a parson up here not long ago," Sam continued, "and he was telling Quinn about what he believed, and why, and Quinn said to him, 'There's enough faith in the world anyway, and I guess it won't make much difference if a few of

us are a bit short on it. At present I'm going in for plain human helpfulness. And I don't want any promise of reward except the pleasure of doing a good turn. Of course I've not lived very long, and I may see things different some day.'"

As Creighton listened, he found himself strangely stirred. It was well for him that the dusk of the evening concealed his features. Without further comment, he arose and sauntered over to where a fire was burning on the banks of the Arroyo. Around it, some of the men from camp had gathered, and they had been joined by a dozen blanket hoboes who had wandered in from all directions. It was an odd aggregation. An air of general shabbiness characterized most of them. The men had never met before, but they seemed to have come together in the spirit of an old time reunion. Each man had his story, and soon they were comparing notes and drawing conclusions.

It was plain, now, that not all of them were common tramps. Indeed, the only inference a casual listener could draw from what he might hear was that while all the men were tramps, they had, by no means, always been so! There are men who, from choice, spend their days wandering to and fro. A spirit of restlessness drives them. Several of these men belonged to that class. They had had every opportunity of self-improvement, but by an unaccountable impulse they had let themselves slip, had become wanderers. And

while they were well informed, clever, after a fashion, their lives counted for naught—they were vagabonds.

"Sit in, pard," one of the men called out as Creighton drew near. But as Creighton's eyes swept around the circle in answer to the general welcome that was extended to him, his gaze met that of a man who answered to the name of Swen. There was a look of surprised recognition, the exchange of a mental message—that was all; for the attention of the company was once more centered upon one man who, continuing the animated discussion, directed his remarks to the one opposite him, saying:

"If your dad had given as much time to your bringing-up as he did to his horses, you'd be quite a man, eh?"

"Don't blame it on the old man," interposed another, filling his pipe, "and don't charge it up to anybody else if you're a runt. This layin' the blame on somebody else was started back in Eden when Adam remarked, 'The woman did it.' Nothin' doin'! If Adam had been half a man, he'd 'ave said, 'Do anything to me you want to, but don't you touch Eve; she's my one best girl!'

"Women are the limit, but any man that tries to get under cover by puttin' the blame on a woman for any trouble he has got hisself into, is just a natural born low-down sneak. Some preacher

ought to read the burial service over Adam; he's been in the spotlight a whole lot longer than he's any right to be."

Then springing to his feet, in renewed animation, the speaker continued, "I say, any of you fellers ever know the millionaire hobo? He's a regular feller, all right. I met him a few nights ago and I asked him how he got his million.

"'Do you really want to know?' he asked.

"'I sure do,' I said, 'I'm interested.'

"'All right,' he said, 'there's just ten reasons why I'm a millionaire. I always get up at six, regularity; I cultivate a friendly spirit, courtesy; I save ten cents on every dollar I get, economy; I always brush my clothes and shine my shoes, includin' the heels, cleanliness; I eat wholesome food, plain living; I never carry a grouch, cheerfulness; I always meet my obligations promptly, credit good; I associate with people who've succeeded, good company; I never do things in a slipshod way, thoroughness; an'—I inherited a million two hundred thousand dollars from an uncle I never saw!'"

"I've got nine-tenths of the qualifications," one man exclaimed. "All I need is a rich uncle. I'm always out of luck."

"Here! Here's a horseshoe!" called a hobo, as he threw an object across the circle.

Another one came from the opposite side. "Hold on," cried the recipient; "don't throw any

more. One horseshoe is good luck—a wagon load of 'em 's junk."

"I'd as lief have a wagon load of horseshoes as an acre of this land," grunted the man who had thrown the first one.

"That's where you're off," replied the other; "it's as fine a piece of country as ever a man throwed his eyes over. If a man didn't know the difference, he'd think, by gracious, it was all to the bad. I'm just giving my opinion that any man who wants to do it can make himself rich right here in ten years. I remember down South, they said land was worthless sandstone. It wasn't sandstone at all. One day a man came along, took off the top of the ground, dug down five or six feet, found a regular bed of phosphate, and shovelled out the cash."

"Exactly," came the reply. "Luck dropping in without even ringing the bell."

"Another sizz out of the siphon. Old man, your gear is stripped and your valves are stuck!" This last remark was suggested by an automobile coming up the grade along the mountain road.

"Engine trouble," said one of the men, rising. "Guess I'd better go and see what I can do."

The man in the machine, on coming around a curve in the road, saw the fire in the Arroyo, and the men sitting around it. "Look at that bunch of bums," he said to his wife. "They can tell you how to solve all of the problems of the world. Bet

you a new hat there's not a man among them but has a most profound contempt for anything that even suggests a fair day's work! If laziness puts a man in rags, to quote our parson, those fellows are going into the rag business just as fast as time and laziness can carry them."

By that time his engine had stopped entirely. The owner was a greenhorn driver, and, getting out of his car, he proceeded to go over the machine, trying to adjust the difficulty.

"Engine trouble?" queried the hobo from the camp, approaching. Then looking over the man's shoulder, he continued, "Your carbureter is dry. You haven't enough gas in your tank to supply your engine. Turn on your emergency. Then she'll work all right."

Taking his place in the car, the owner tossed the stranger a quarter.

"He knew what to do, didn't he, Daddy?" said the little girl who sat beside her father, as he threw his clutch into second with a jam. "Are they all just tramps?"

Returning to the circle around the fire, the tramp remarked, in English, surprisingly good: "Mr. Newlyrich taking his family across the country! He tossed me a two-bit piece. That's his idea of the price of an idea that got him into the city, when he might be spending the night in the roadside. This is a land flowing with milk and gasoline, but all the same it's a rotten deal that

put me where I am. I worked for an old gink, got up at four in the morning, milked thirty cows, worked all day in the field, milked thirty cows at night, did the chores, piled in at ten, out again at four, seven days in the week, for thirty dollars a month.

"One Sunday he drove to church and passed me on the road. It was hot, but he never even offered to give me a lift. Now, I've got as much reverence as anybody for high and holy things, but that's what I call a dirty turn. 'Two can play at that game,' I says to myself, 'and here's where I go down the line.' Curse me for a blanket hobo, if you like, but I left that old rotter to milk his own cows. None of that kind of pious stuff for mine! It isn't the work I mind, it's the condition. Ain't that good enough gospel, Deacon?" he cried, addressing another vagabond.

"Why don't you change the conditions and milk your own cows?" came the retort. "Jacob did. You never went to Sunday School and memorized the proper names and all; you don't know who Jacob was. Jacob was the original blanket hobo. Like some of the rest of us, he got in bad and had to hot foot it out of town between days. After the natives found he'd flown the coop, they got together and gave him the once-over. 'I always knew he was a bad egg,' chirped one old Jezebel. 'Turned out just as I expected,' piped up Mrs. Ananias. 'Good riddance to bad rub-

bish,' said Delilah. But nary a one was ready to say, 'Good-bye, old man, I'm sorry you're going. Good luck to you!'

"That night he unrolled his blanket and slept with his head on a rock. He dreamed there was a ladder set on the earth, and it reached to heaven. There were angels on it and one of them said, 'This is a bad deal. You're in wrong, but you've got it in you to make good. Why don't you do it? We're for you strong.'

"The next morning he woke with the birds, and before the camp came to, he was down the road, traveling to beat the cars. He got a job on his uncle's cattle ranch, fell in love with his cousin, put one over on his father-in-law, got to be the biggest cattle king in his part of the country, and when he went back to the old home to visit the folks, he had a fortune, and I forget how many kids."

"That's going some for the black sheep of the family," somebody shouted.

"Oh, that isn't the best of it. When he got back, the relatives that had fired him, and the neighbours that had knocked him, worked over time telling how 'he was the family pride' and how they 'always had predicted wonderful things for Jacob.' Can you beat it?"

"No, you can't beat it because it's true to life," answered one of the men. "Success covers a multitude of bad breaks, as the saying goes."

The last speaker was a man beyond middle age. He wore baggy trousers, a flannel shirt and a sack coat. His hair protruded below the rim of an old derby that came far down over his ears. He was broad and squatty. His nose was huge and red. He was full of wise maxims, good-natured imprudence and shrewdness; the wreck of what might have been!

"There are just two kinds of people in the world," he said, "highbrows and roughnecks, and the difference between the two is a three days' growth of whiskers. And there are two agencies of civilization, razors and shower baths. Dirt is a figure of speech. Jam on bread is food; jam on a boy's face is dirt. It's all a matter of location, as the saying goes."

"By that classification you're a neutral," a man broke in.

"*Is* that so? I'm a neutral, am I?" Then he landed verbal blows on his critic. He based his statements upon what he called his own experiences. "Them's what I calls the facts in the case. The world ain't no Christmas turkey waiting to be carved, but a man ain't poor unless he has lost his nerve. Where does the wonder and the mystery and the adventure come in, as the saying goes, if a man knows each day of his life just where his next meal is coming from? But when you are on your uppers, not a cent in your jeans, and you have got to meet the cold stare of people who

watch you come up the path and are ready for you, dogs and all, and you have nothing but your wits to help you win your way, take it from me, it takes brains to get away with it, as the saying goes."

"We've been there," one of the men exclaimed.

Then without heeding the interruption, the speaker went on to regale the company with the story of his wanderings and experiences. He seemed drunk with his own exuberance. There was no occupation which he had not followed, no section of the country he had not visited.

"You're full of hop, old boy," spoke up a voice at last. "Your cogs don't mesh. Your circles don't come true. You'd be a hundred and fifty years old, not a day less, and that wouldn't be time enough for a man to bring in the runs you've marked up to your credit."

"Don't string yourself, my friend. This is a camp-fire, the one democratic institution on earth. Here the grouch gets his, and each man is as good as any other man—if he is, as the saying goes, and no questions asked," and the speaker took off his hat and made a bow to the company. "This is a big world," he continued. "Some people should always be personally conducted, as the saying goes; they ought never to take the road alone."

"Now you're playing it safe, old top," shouted a man with a loud voice.

"I always play it safe. We are all kindred

spirits, as the saying goes. We belong to the same church."

"And right here is where I take up the collection," said the "deacon." Then, as if a serious thought had suddenly gripped him, he continued, "Oh, I've passed the plate and ushered in my time, and I'll say right here that those were among the happiest days of my life. To usher people into their pews and make each one of them feel that they had received just the right amount of attention, then to hold the collection plate square in front of some old miser, to stop right there until you separate the old dub from his coin, and watch the agony of the operation as it registers itself on his face! Whoopee! Then to pass the fellow in the next pew and to make him feel at home though he can't pay—that takes real generalship."

"Cut it out, Deacon," exclaimed a burly young fellow. "What would happen to you if you went back? That is the question. It's a cinch you'd never get your hand on another collection plate."

"I don't know what would happen if I went back. I only know what did happen. We had a swell choir in our church. Jonsie, a fine man with a big voice, sang bass. He would take the low notes so far down he had to reach up to touch bottom. Will Kinney used to say how comfortable a feeling it was just to sit back and not have to hold your breath to help over the hard places,

dead sure that Jonsie would come up at the right minute without being torpedoed off the key.

"And I never heard any one sing 'The Holy City' the way the tenor sang it. He just took us up to the gate and held us there, for when that man filled his lungs for a long note, he took in air enough to float a balloon. He was the director of the choir, and it was better than a movie to see him stand before the chorus when they were coming up to a climax, shake his fists and shout, 'Now, say something! *Say* something!'

"There were a lot of fine people in that choir, and I remember the bunch because I can't forget the little girl in it. She was a true pal. If I'd stayed by her and taken her tip, I wouldn't be here; but I kicked against what I called 'cramped surroundings.' I wanted a bigger sphere. My vanity ran away with me. Knock the church people all you want to; you're calling in the devil as doctor when you do. They're a whole lot better than I am. I'm not going to carry my bluff any further. I've quit making fun of what I know is good. I've hit the toboggan good and hard since then. I wish I was back. Some day I'm going."

"You're all right, Deacon, just perfectly all right, as the saying goes," said the stocky man.

"What's this anyway—a camp-meeting?" asked an officious young chap, as he arose to stir the fire.

"That's right, kick, you nut," the stubby man

replied. "That's all some people can do. Nothing wrenches a man like kicking at nothing. I suppose you do it to keep in trim. And don't stir the fire that way."

"Stir it yourself then," the man retorted.

"I'm not a yell leader, old sport, but I have heard say when a man knows his business, he don't go around explaining to people that he does. It's what a man thinks he knows that he brags about, as the saying goes. When a guy needs a word with ten syllables to describe his profession, put it down he's a corn doctor. It's the fellow that puts on the most airs that knows the least. Here, let your uncle build the fire for you, little man; you're tired out trying to rest."

Thus, far into the night the men talked, smoked and argued. Creighton offered them work, but this was declined unanimously and with thanks.

"Not for mine, old top," said an indolent fellow as he rolled himself in his blanket. "Deal me the mountains for a regular home-meeting."

When, late in the night, Creighton returned to the camp, he was accompanied by Swen, whom he had recognized and who had recognized him when they were in the group earlier in the evening.

V

THE NORMAN

"A VESSEL in every way well found," read the Inspector's Certificate that hung in the salon entrance of the *Norman*. But this was only a part of the truth. The *Norman* had been condemned as unseaworthy, had been overhauled, painted up, and brought out under a different name.

Commanded by Captain Knight, she was sailing on her way home around the cape. She was now in the Mediterranean, and Quinn was expecting to make connections soon with transportation that would bring him to the main objective of his journey.

Most of the passengers were prospectors returning from the South African gold fields. Some of them were real miners, but for the most part they were a rough gang, coarse of speech and irreverent.

The ship's list showed a various lot of passengers; Greeks, Jews and Americans among them, and the occupations were as varied as the nations.

The journey was now half over. Between whiles, the miners beguiled themselves reviewing their experiences. Several of them had "struck it rich," but most of them were failures. They

would lean over the taffrail, watch the flying fish and dolphins, and look for passing ships.

One albatross had followed them for days, apparently sleeping on the wind and unaffected by the storm.

On occasion, schools of porpoise arose in shoals almost covering the sea.

A small company of miners had gathered near the center of the skylight above the sailors' bunkroom, discussing a fight that had taken place over a card game.

Quinn had just finished dressing the wounds of the man who had beaten his assailant.

In a cage over the entrance to the sailors' hatchway, a parrot was bobbing up and down and singing, "Trum-de-dum, te-dum-de-dum," then calling, "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty"; then in deeper tones it would exclaim, "Come shake hands with your daddy."

An Irish woman of vigorous mind had left the piano and, joining the company around the parrot, said, "Not a felly aboard wid th' ear of a bat for music!" when two of the stewards appeared, carrying one of the passengers who was slowly recovering from a serious illness. Quinn had ordered him on deck. The stewards placed him gently in a steamer chair and tucked a blanket cozily around him.

"You poor lad," said the woman, squaring herself in front of the boy, "how bad you look, and

you haven't a soul on board the ship for a friend, they tell me. You look ahful bad, you do. I never saw but one funeral at sea, and I felt so bad that if inny body had patted the back in me, it would 'ave made me cry. It was a sad sight! They took him, put him on a plank, cased him in canvas, and after the service, they slid him over the side into the sea wid a plunge. I can hear it yet, and see the water bubblin' as it closed up the openin'. He was young, too ——" she was about to add when Quinn interposed:

"Well, son, you'll be feeling better now. We are going to make a sailor of you. There is a sail just ahead coming our way. We'll pass each other in an hour. Watch her and see if you can tell me what liner she is from the colours on the stack."

The nuns, in a corner by themselves, were reading.

Leaning on the railing at the stern of the vessel, his back turned toward the changing scenes on deck, Quinn presently was apparently indifferent to everything that was going on about him. Possibly his mysterious mission, mysterious to himself as yet, was the subject of his meditations. All that he knew was—that the trust company had given him a letter to one Roberts, to be found on the Isle of Patmos. His cap was drawn far down over his eyes. He did not notice the approach of a woman, a ship-acquaintance of his, nor was he aware that she was standing at his side watching

the waves that were beginning to be covered here and there with caps. The wind had been playing with the streamers and swelling the sails, and now blew a gale. The sun was sending its last flashes of light along the evening sky, and tipping the storm clouds that were gathering in the distance with an underslope of gold and purple.

"And is this really your last trip?" asked the woman, a missionary. "I think you said as much the other day—that it would be, unless you fail this time in some mission you spoke of. I should think it would be difficult for a man like you to say good-bye to the sea. It is so elemental, so universal!"

"Very true," Quinn replied. "There are just three places a man finds himself—in the desert, on a mountain, and under the stars at mid ocean; it is hard to choose between the three, so I take them all, by turns. What I can't understand is, why *you* are planning to go back to live amid the surroundings you were describing the other day. I hope you will change your mind."

The expression in her face answered Quinn's question. She saw that he had little faith in missionary labours. His religious faith was a plant of slow growth.

"Oh, we shall go back. Our only regret is that you will not be the ship's physician on the return trip. But with you, or without you, we shall go back."

"But you ran for your lives!" replied Quinn. "Those blacks are brutes, and they ought to be left to perish off the face of the earth."

"They may seem little better than brutes," replied the woman. "And we were exposed to dangers, and we used unheard-of methods to gain their confidence, but we must not leave them to themselves. They are children in understanding. They are, for the most part, superstitious and brutal, but they have a faith in the supernatural; and this, in itself, shows that they are not altogether brutes, incapable of knowing God.

"We begin with the children," she continued. "We organize the school, the hospital. We preach, teach, and heal the sick, and try, by showing them a Christian home, what constitutes Christian living. The one thing the world needs is good men and women, faithful husbands, devoted wives, happy children, generous masters, obedient servants, prophets, apostles, heroes. How is this condition to be brought about? Are you going to leave a people to themselves and say, in effect—we are all animals placed in this cage of the world, we are slowly evolving, some are strong, some are weak, but in the struggle the weak must perish? The tears and groans of the perishing will make good soil in which to cultivate a nobler species, and in the course of the ages, the world will be peopled with a tribe of superior men."

At the mention of schools, Quinn assumed a different attitude. He thought of the evening in Rock Room, and the happy children there. He listened attentively as the woman set forth the needs and opportunities of work among the children. They, at least, were worthy. Here was good material to work with. "Why not build a children's hospital?" he found himself musing. Then suddenly he said:

"There is so much troubled thinking these days that mental repose seems, for the most part, the property of the ignorant and the unthinking. Don't you think so?"

"No, nor do I think the spring of two thousand years of Christian heroism is a myth. Cults and philosophies do well enough on paper, but where is the nation they have healed?"

"Few people study the deeper questions of religion. Christian philosophy sleeps for them in the book. They withdraw all nourishment from that part of their being that discriminates and elaborates the spiritual, although they know well enough that the constant disuse of an organ destroys it, and while they are capable enough in many ways, they are themselves a glaring example of the mistake and mischief of imperfect education."

"And so you do not fear for your faith?" Quinn asked.

"No, I am not afraid. As well try to wrestle

with the lightning! I am not afraid that the lightning will be destroyed, but what of the hand that tries to clutch it?"

This last remark was suggested by peculiar lights that were playing in the sky. So engrossed had they been, that before they knew it, the *Norman* was heading for a storm. As they turned, they saw that the heavens were filled with confusion. Clouds were approaching in troops, companies and reserves. They plunged headlong through the gathering darkness. They collided in mid-air. They staggered across the waters.

"We're gettin' it in the teeth," said one of the sailors.

"Aye, without comment," said another, as he pulled his hat down on his head.

Two of them had gone out on the boom to lash the canvas, and as a sea struck the *Norman,* she plunged ahead, sending canvas and sailors through the waters. The boom headed under the water, and when the *Norman* righted herself, a sailor was gone. Angered by the tragedy, an old mate rolled back his sleeves and took the place of the missing man.

"Easy, mates," he said to the sailors, "hold hard!"

"Can you hold her?" the Captain asked the man at the wheel.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came the reply.

Spar and rigging swung through the gloom like

prison bars. From the yards, the torn canvas hung and streamed. Over the sea through a flood, the *Norman* plunged in her effort to ride above the waters that overwhelmed her. The storm smote her sides. It pounded her through the gloom. It burst over her in the triumph of utter defiance.

There are times when a sailor needs all of his strength. At such times the real man stands revealed. The two hundred passengers were divided—on the one hand, into a group of manly men and courageous women; and on the other, a small company—a few cowards.

Some of the men were praying. They bargained with Heaven, promising service in return for deliverance.

"Shut your face! Can't you cut out the holler?" cried a sailor. "What you been doin' you're so afraid to die? God Almighty won't plug up a ship for the likes of you. Here, get busy with those belts!"

The Captain had ordered the usual rockets to be fired, signals of distress, but he knew how little they availed. "The weather's too thick," he said, as the rockets went whizzing through the sky, leaving nothing but darkness behind them.

By this time the *Norman* had sprung a leak, her seams were opening, and she was filling. The sea was gaining on the pumps. The sailors were swinging out the life-boats and getting the rafts ready for disembarking, going about their work

in a matter-of-fact manner, nerved to meet their fate, if meet it they must, in a way worthy of men.

The Captain assured the passengers that all would be safely landed.

No sooner had arrangements been made than one of the miners, already casually mentioned, crowded to the front.

Quinn had been stationed at the point where the boat was being lowered. As the miner plunged forward, pushing the women aside, Quinn was at him and, despising the use of a weapon upon the creature, seized him by the throat, threw him down and dragged him to one side of the deck.

"Shove off," shouted the Captain, as one after another of the life-boats were filled, and faded out of sight in the darkness.

Now the ship was listing and the remaining sailors with her. "No boat can live in a sea like this," one of them remarked, as a wave knocked him over and washed him about. Presently the engines silenced. A fog sponged out the lights. When the last life-boat drew away from the side of the *Norman,* only Quinn and the Captain remained.

One of the wonders of life is the mind of a man in hours of danger. Emotion overwhelms! Panic and helplessness ensue! If the fears that clamour for recognition are held back by intelligence, even though they cry for a hearing, intelli-

gence controls. It would seem that the function of the brain is not only to let us remember—one can't help doing that; but to let us forget. And Quinn "forgot." He never once thought of himself. But now that the life-boats were filled, he thought of Jean; he hoped she would sorrow without suffering.

He remembered the day when something seemed to say to him, "She's the one!" and he remembered how he had loved her then. He thought of the many times he had seen her at work making trifles for their home. She would play and sing, and then she would pick up her work again, and stitch in a world of love with that precious needle. Yes, they were happy days—all too few—lived, as they were, in anticipation of what was to be. All this had flashed through Quinn's mind. He was aware of no other thought. Then suddenly he felt himself lifted from his feet, and he plunged, he and the Captain and the *Norman,* into the depths of the sea. Death was there. In a little while, floating planks, pieces of the bridge and the wheel house, along with a few life-preservers, were all that remained of the *Norman.*

VI

A MILLION-DOLLAR PROJECT

WORK in the construction camps was now going forward with good results. Roads had been built; supplies and stores of every kind were on hand; tent-houses, with comfortable bunks for the men, had been secured; a large dining-room and a first class motion picture outfit kept the men contented and increased their interest in the work.

When the reports of the research work were presented, the Board of Supervisors were at once impressed with the fact that Creighton was big enough to deal with this problem, and they had engaged him as superintendent of the entire project.

"There are five things," said Creighton, "we must keep in mind:

"The water for the cities in the valley must be assured; industrial development must be made possible by generating electricity; we must conserve and impound the storm water in reservoirs, run it along lateral ditches, and irrigate the valley; we must control the flood waters to prevent annual

damage; and last, we must divert the silt that is now washing down and filling up the harbour."

This was the substance of Creighton's report. He had investigated every foot of ground along the trail, and had consulted pioneers and prospectors, comparing their experiences with the results of scientific investigations and professional skill.

"How about those check dams far up in the mountains?" asked some one, pointing to the blueprints.

"Those," said Creighton, "are to be put in as indicated to hold back the rain, and so help to spread the water over wide areas. It will thus seep through and reinforce the growth of shrubbery and trees. This is essential to the success of our project. As the water seeps into the crevices, it will lay the foundation for extensive reforestation. We must make these mountains a vast sponge to absorb as much of the rainfall as they can. If we do this, they will pay huge dividends in water and verdure."

"You were speaking a moment ago," said one of the supervisors, "of diverting some of the water along the foothills by means of lateral ditches."

"Yes," replied Creighton, "this can easily be done, and should be undertaken at once. We must have three camps: one to work on the big dam that will make possible the reservoir; another to work on the check dams, and drill the tunnel

through which the water must flow in order to generate the electricity; and the third camp should construct the lateral ditches and line their banks with trees.

"The banks of the ditches and the river must have a second reinforcement in the shape of a double embankment. Higher up, and further back, trees must be planted. This second check must be held by double rows of locust and willow trees, and still further back by another row of live oak, and between these rows of trees, a macadamized highway must be built. This river will give us a safe outlet for the storm water, and the highway will be a splendid road from the mountains to the sea.

"That constitutes your problem, gentlemen. It will cost a million dollars. But if you put it through, you have a Paradise: if we can get the coöperation of the men, we can keep the snakes out. I've been all over the globe, and I tell you there is nothing like this combination of mountain and valley anywhere on the planet."

Meanwhile, Beth and her Aunt Miriam were having a heart talk. Beth sat on the grass, Aunt Miriam in the hammock.

Aunt Miriam had noted that things were not going smoothly, and as Beth poured out her heart, she listened attentively. Beth always went to her aunt with important questions, when she was up against hard things, and she always found in the

motherly broad-bosomed woman a fine relief. Aunt Miriam would listen, cry with her gently, wipe away the tears from Beth's eyes, and send her out along the right path. For Aunt Miriam was known far and wide as the kind of woman who would willingly squander her strength on a friend in adversity. She was an extravagant spendthrift of emotional sympathy, a fine bad weather friend. Often she helped women in their trouble, and on occasion, she had been known to take a man by the ear and straighten him out.

With the years, Aunt Miriam had grown fat, but she had pretty hands and dainty wrists, and there was always a curious, laughing flicker in her eyes.

"You don't need preaching to, Beth," Aunt Miriam said. "What you need, my dear, is peace of mind, and that can't be got the way you're going after it. Remember the little church out on the edge of the desert—windows broken, door gone, sand piled in drifts right up where the altar stood? People's hearts get like that if they aren't careful; empty—drifted up with dust and grit, the fire of love smothered. Then they go off on all sorts of excursions trying to get satisfaction out of substitutes. Of course they get bitter, rebellious, disappointed, wrecked."

After an impressive pause, Aunt Miriam continued, "As I look back through the years, it seems to me as if I'd lived three lives. When my

father died, I was about your age," and she looked at Beth. "When my father died, I was a spoiled child, the popular daughter of a successful man, in a little town place. Then I had to start to make money to keep myself going, so I taught. I had a lover—we became engaged. He was forced to go away for over a year, and we grew apart. Then it came to me that he was a stranger to me—that I didn't know him. I did not marry him; I thought I loved another man. Finally I came to keep house for your father, and here I am."

After another pause, Aunt Miriam said, "When Duke went away the other evening, I heard him say, 'She's a funny girl.' I've been thinking that over, Beth, and I've just about made up my mind that Duke is right about you."

Then, as if she were living over again at second hand her days of courtship in Beth's experience, Aunt Miriam said, "Beth, you mustn't think that because Duke is good mannered, that he's weak. I remember one day hearing you laugh at one of his courtesies. You've lived in the wilderness, Beth, till you've forgotten how a well-brought up man ought to behave. Goodness! When you're as old as I am, things that look big to you now will look mighty small. Duke isn't the sort of man you can hold a whip hand over. You've been so much in the company of the men that you've learned their ways, and you unconsciously copy them. Sometimes you walk with the swing of an

old time rider, accustomed to the saddle. When you were a little girl, that was cute; but, Beth, you're not a child now, and you don't want to try to be too chummy with them. A man don't like that in a woman. Your dad used to call all of the men by their first names, and you learned to do it when you were young, but you mustn't do it now. Nice men won't know what to think of it. I remember the day you ran away—you were four—and we found you sitting on the bar in the saloon, eating a sandwich, and laughing and talking with the men. Now you make a vain show when a fine young fellow like Duke comes along. Don't do it. I'd be sorry to see you lose Duke—you're trifling with him—and you're in danger of doing it."

As Aunt Miriam talked, a fragrance came floating on the air. The day was warm, and as the water played on the garden, its freshness released the perfume from the flowers and filled the air with delight.

"Beth," Aunt Miriam said, as she arose, "I'd hate awfully to see you make the mistake I made. Keep the dew of your womanhood on your soul. It will make you strong, keep you sweet, and help you to sing through the days. There isn't any substitute for it."

And presently, as Duke came up the trail, he found Beth, slightly humbled in spirit from her aunt's talk, waiting at the cabin for him.

Together, they watched the sunset, and as the conversation reverted to the camp and the work, Duke told her of the directors' meeting.

Beth had little to say.

Presently, Duke lifted an abalone shell from the porch rail and called her attention to its beauty. Together, they traced the milk and fire that blended like changing glory in the heart of an opal. "Look at the lavender, the blue, the sea-foam green, the amethyst, purple, gold, jasper, ruby! It's all there, isn't it?" he cried. "But it was hidden until Sam told you to boil it in ashes, and polishing it with emery and oil!"

"Like me!" Beth answered. "Aunt Miriam says I need polishing."

Tears filled her eyes. Finally she said, "I've just had a talk with Aunt Miriam. I wish Dad were here! I remember how he used to say, 'My little girl, the way you do things doesn't count especially; just think about the right thing until you want to do it, and then if you do it long enough, you get your hand in and just do it without thinking—natural-like.' And he used to say, 'You don't have to go through life keeping from doing a lot of things you want to do, to sit in a future heaven. You don't have to eat dry bread here to get it buttered there. What we have to do,' he said, 'is a fairly decent day's work, say our prayers, be happy now, and merge our life and influence in the great on-flowing stream of human

progress.' I wish I could have a good talk with Dad!"

As Beth concluded, they walked to the end of the pergola and, taking a chair beside her, Duke looked straight into her eyes and said, "Beth, I want to talk to you, and you must hear me through. Creighton has been appointed superintendent of the engineering project. He told me that he might be called away any time for a while, and that he wanted me to be ready to keep things going during his absence. I'm all right as far as my job is concerned. But there's another side to my life. We men write, invent, make fortunes, not for ourselves, but for some one we love."

Beth trembled a little. She avoided Duke's eyes. But Duke took her hand in his and she listened as he asked her the question which, more than any other question that ever was asked, thrills the heart of a woman. He knew he could take care of her, and he felt sure they would be happy, and, unfolding a piece of paper and giving Beth a pencil, he said:

"Let's sketch the plans of our new home."

"Mercy! You're not thinking of building!" Beth exclaimed.

"I am, that is to say—we are. You're to make the plans, superintend the job, and I'll do the work."

"Castles in the air!"

"I've built them, and I'm going to keep on, but now I'm going to build on the ground."

"Not a big house, I hope," said Beth. "I'll not promise to manage it, if it is! I love this," lifting her eyes and looking around the cabin. "When Dad gave up the big house in the city, I was the happiest girl you ever saw. I used to tell him that all he was doing anyway was just running a big nigger boarding-house. That sort of life is downright slavery. I'm strong for the cabin." Then noting a puzzled look in Duke's face, she went on, "I know what you're saying to yourself. You're saying, 'What will people think?' Who cares what they think! If this is what we want, why can't we have it?"

It was just here that Creighton saw them. After his report, Creighton had gone for a walk in the open. At first he had experienced a sense of satisfaction, then he said to himself as he walked along, "It's all in the day's work," and he was tempted to bitterness: "Was anything worth while!"

Thus he walked in the gloaming, and looking up at the afterglow of pink that was streaming across the hills, he noted the smoky haze in the deep recesses, and before he knew it, he saw before him Duke and Beth, all unconscious that any human eyes were upon them.

"Dreaming and making plans!" Creighton said to himself; "they go together!" He remembered how he, too, had dreamed his dream of happiness, and how he had planned. For the moment he was quieted. Then he felt the indignity of the

flings that passers-by had thrown upon him once when, weary and despairing, he met the vulgar criticism that falls upon a man in shoddy clothes. He saw Beth and Duke talking intimately, he felt the need of comradeship, for even though he had been given full charge of the work, he felt a rebound of suspicion, of inquiry. The directors had asked no questions, but he felt that they wanted to know more. He would not lie—he could not tell!

Then suddenly he felt as if he wanted to tell the world. He could survive the furnace! Is it true that it makes no difference if only you cover up your tracks—if only you are clever? He used to think that he never knew the hour when he did not know what to do, when he wanted help. But that was in the days when he had won the love of his wife. From the moment he saw her, he loved her unceasingly. Her love made him strong. She always gave the deciding vote. When a question came up, she would sit back as if saying—"What do you think!" But he would give the answer—as he thought she would have him! Now he was at the spiritual breaking point with worry and deciding. He felt he could carry the burden if he had her to look to. Self-sufficient as he had always felt himself with her, now that she was gone, the time had come when he, too, must turn to some one else for help; some one to stand beside him and lift his hands until the battle ended.

How blessed such help had been from her! He

remembered how, on opening the door of his home, he always asked—"Where are you, Anna?" and she would always call back—"Yes, Bob!"

But here he was alone—slinking through life, his name tarnished. He, who never once had rolled his spirit in the mire, was going blackened through the days! Even the knowledge of his own uprightness could not take away the heart-break he felt.

When again he lifted his eyes, Beth and Duke had disappeared into the house. It was supper time.

There stood the cabin before the mountains, framed in the sunset, the trees and flowers blending their beauty and fragrance in the changing colour of the day's closing hour. He heard the faint murmur of the falls. The music sent a thrilling wave through his blood. In the fir trees overhead, he heard the twitter and rustle of birds settling for the night. All about him were the glory and wonder of life, and he felt a desire to call back his appreciation of the grandeur with which he found himself surrounded. The landscape became vocal—silence became speech! Why must there be so many discordant notes! Nature is eloquent, wonderful, beneficent! Why can't we make human nature equally blessed?

"I guess it is, in spots," Creighton concluded, as he looked once more toward the cabin.

VII

WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

THE *Norman* went down on a night when the very elements seemed to be at war. The wind howled over the water, gathering fury as it came. In the darkness, the lifeboats were separated. It was long past midnight when a flicker in the distance caught the keen eye of a sailor. He knew its meaning. The word from him was enough to cheer brave fellows at the oars whose hearts were breaking under the strain. Again the light came, and the sailor, awaiting its reappearance, answered it with a flashlight—a rocket of distress — another, and still another. Back came the signal to lay to and hold out, and in a few hours all the occupants of the different boats were landed on the deck of an Oriental steamer, rescued from the very verge of death—all but the men on one raft, commanded by the purser. The Captain and the Doctor, everybody said, had gone down with the ship, refusing to abandon her.

It had seemed to Quinn, drawn down by the suction of the sinking ship, that he would never come up again. He never understood how it was

he found himself floating among the wreckage, swimming with an oar. In the darkness, he heard voices, but there was no answer to his call. As he floated, he collided with a plank, and clung to it, relinquishing the oar. After an eternity of waiting, a gray streak heralded the dawn. As the light grew clearer, he could make out, at no great distance, the outline of a raft with several men upon it; it was tossed by the waves that now revealed and again hid it from sight. Quinn was a strong swimmer and he pushed his way through the waters until he reached the raft, pulled himself out of the sea, and as one raised from the dead, crawled over to where the purser and his men were huddled to keep warm.

With daylight came the rain. The deluge seemed endless. The torrent poured its flood upon them. This, however, was a blessing, for the rain was warm and the sweet water which the men caught in their hands and upon their upturned faces allayed their thirst. All day they drifted, hoping against hope that a passing ship would sight them, but darkness came, and with it a biting wind. It was terrifying—this clinging to life, hanging to the raft as it staggered under the stars, shuddering through the waters down the dark blue hills of sea. The wind, chill and bitter, changed the spray into sleet and hail that chilled the men to the bone. Some of them muttered strange words in their sleep, praying and cursing in turn. One

of the sailors, in delirium, issued orders to make any landsman pale.

"Keep your nerve, young man," one of the sailors said to Quinn. "Panic is your enemy. Keep your nerve. The raft won't go. Stick to her. Here's my coat! I don't need it," and he slipped into the water fainting. The great waves swept him away. Out of the depths, the hands of death seemed visible, waiting for the rest of them to pull them in.

The agony of the older men made Quinn forget himself. He was battling, not only for his own life—but for these fellows. Strong sailors they were, who, whatever their faults, were not cowards, nor were they selfish. Even the sea seemed to Quinn to sigh in pity over them, as the raft was hurled down the water when a gulf opened, and they came up, all but drowned. Indeed, some of the men were missing, and after three days, Quinn found himself with only a solitary companion, who was lying as if dead.

As a boy, Quinn had been taught to pray. There on the raft, as it rolled and twisted, he thought of the cursing fellows who had cowered at the first threat of adversity. Those who had bragged then prayed—on their faces, and crying for mercy. The sailors had been no saints, but they had straightened up and met the danger of the hour like men. Quinn recalled a sermon he had heard at college when the preacher had said that "even

when the prodigal was down, deserted by the men who had spent his money, he still went on, trying to fill himself with the husks that the swine ate, and it was only when the husks had failed that he went home penitent! It was all he could do," the preacher declared. "No credit to him!" What right has a man who is little better than a devil, whose mouth is black with lies, whose speech is blasphemy—what right has such a man to pray to the God whom he has defied in all his ways! To pray because his life is threatened and he wants to save his skin!

"I haven't been praying much lately," Quinn said to himself, with a grim smile, while the *Norman* was going down; but again as he lay on the raft, he thought calmly, even gladly of God's mercy.

During the third night and the following day, Quinn was in a stupor. In a conscious moment, he lifted himself and looked across the waters, now smooth, and up into the sky. He thought he detected a sail that lifted itself above the blue stretch of the sea and stood out against the sky. Yes, there it was, a ship coming up over the horizon, heading in the direction of the raft. Quinn watched, longed, hoped. At last he made out that it was a sailing brig. The wind was in the right quarter, and if she kept her course, she would soon be within hailing distance. With superhuman strength, Quinn tore up a plank from the raft,

fastened his shirt to the plank, held it between his knees and waited.

The brig had now reached the point where she would be nearest him. Presently her course would take her past him, out of sight, beyond the power of help. Would she see him? Life was slipping. His hands were icy; his brain aflame; he felt himself dying. But there! A flag goes up, it dips! Again! And again! A third time and down again! He had been sighted! That was all that Quinn knew until later when he opened his eyes in a bunk of the brig, and heard "Dutch," who was walking about the deck, telling all hands "how it had happened."

The brig was on her way to carry supplies to an out-of-the-way island off the beaten highway of the sea. There is a superstition among sailors that any man picked up only to die on board will bring evil on those who rescued him. Quinn was very sick. The sailors decided that he was dying. When the brig dropped anchor off the island, they took Quinn ashore.

Once on shore, Quinn was led by his sailor guide along the base of the island, up a narrow, ragged trail and around a high ledge of rocks. On rounding a hill, they came upon a monastery hidden in an elbow of the mountain. Crossing a drawbridge, they paused before a wooden door that was hung on heavy hinges. "Have I, after all," thought Quinn, "reached my destination?"

The sailor knocked. They heard footsteps within, and a moment later, the door was opened cautiously and a number of monks peered out at them.

"Was it a newcomer, one who, like themselves, had abandoned the world and now sought the seclusion of the monastery?"

"He needs help," explained the sailor, pointing to Quinn. "He is sick."

Exhausted in mind and body, Quinn waited, while the monks looked at each other and at him. The sailor again explained the stranger's plight. After a moment, one of the monks turned to Quinn and asked him to come inside, and he led the way across the room into a narrow cloister. Quinn felt an odd shock of revolt as he weathered the scrutiny of the monks. The way led through a door at the end of a long hall, into a small room.

"Here," the monk said in a kindly tone, and in Quinn's own language, "you will find a change of garments, also water for your bath;" and as he left the room, he added, "I will bring you some food in a little while; that will revive you."

With a feeling of gratefulness, Quinn sank upon a bench. This, with an iron bed and a candle stand, made up the furnishings of the room. As Quinn sat in his quandary, he noted the crucifix on the wall, and the flagstones of the floor. "If this should be the place!" he reflected.

The monk soon returned and, placing the food on the stand, said, "There, my son, food and sleep will do you good."

Now Quinn made note that the monk was old, but the natural grace of his bodily strength had not failed him. The cowl above his gown partially hid his face from view. Around his waist, a knotted rope served as a girdle, the ends of which hung down his side. A wooden rosary hung about his neck. His feet were encased in sandals, his head tonsured, his strong face shaven clean. As Quinn observed him and noted the long, straight nose and the stubborn chin, something floated on the edge of his consciousness. For the moment he thought he had known the man before him, then the notion faded and he fancied himself in the presence of a Roman Emperor. Quinn wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He felt faint. "Where have I seen this man?" he said to himself. "He is kind anyway," he concluded, as the monk withdrew.

Having eaten, Quinn decided to sleep, but tired and worn as he was, found no repose. Like a soldier in battle, he had forgotten himself during the strife, but now that the siege was at an end, and he was safe, dread overpowered him. The shifting scenes of his recent experience came and went across his mind. As he lay on his cot in the darkness, he thought of the *Norman*, the raft, the brig, the monastery, the monks, the room, of Jean, of

the bewildering past, of his mysterious mission, of the shadowy future. "Rescued from a grave in the sea to be buried alive!" he mused. From the distance came the sound of the ocean on the rocks. He listened to the wind. At one time he could have shrieked to break the spell, but he found no words to say, nor whom to call. At last, no longer able to endure his desperation, weak as he was, he sprang from the bed, dressed, and left the room. He groped his way along the hallway and down the corridor, heavy with gloom. He pushed through a door that swung on groaning hinges. He ascended a flight of steps that led to a parapet, and as he saw the stars, heard a bell. It sounded like doom, and he fancied he would have dropped, but for a monk who appeared beside him and supported him. "I heard you leave your room," the monk said, in a quiet voice. "To-morrow, after you have rested, you will be better able to plan. Now you must sleep," and the monk led him back to the room. "You are among friends—be at peace."

And Quinn slept. As he slept, he dreamed that some one stood beside him. Some one was calling his name; it was pleasant to hear. The one beside him was strong and ready to help.

Twice during the morning, the monk opened the door; each time he closed it with a smile and an approving nod.

It was long past noon when Quinn wakened.

He lifted himself on his elbow and looked out through the little window. There were the radiant splendours of a day whose light gave all things beauty. Then his head dropped back upon the pillow. For a long time he lay silent. At last he said, "It was her look, her voice, her spirit! Oh, Jean!" he cried, as he lifted up his head. "I wonder what dreams are made of!"

VIII

THE WEALTH OF THE HILLS

EARLY in the fall Creighton found it necessary to cross the mountains and make a trip to the Northern range to do some first-hand exploring that would help him, if possible, to determine the gravity flow of the water. Besides this, he wanted to pick up a certain clue—the clue of the man—Fleck—who had sent him to the pen. Duke accompanied him, sketching their findings and jotting down data for record and use. He thought Duke also might be of service in trailing Fleck.

"The trip won't be a hard one," said Duke, as they were making their plans. "I am sure Beth and Jean would enjoy it. I am wondering if we can't arrange to have them go with us."

"If pleasure interferes with your business, give up your business," Creighton said with a smile.

"Not that, Mr. Creighton," Duke replied, "but Sam has charge of the men and he knows just what to do to make Beth and Jean comfortable, and I thought they might as well enjoy the trip."

At the mention of Sam's name, Creighton's face lighted. "All right!" he said. "Tell Sam to ar-

range to care for them, and tell him to have everything ready for an early start."

Thus they had gone together, up into the King's River Country, walking and riding in turns, making observations by day, and by night coming to camp. There they would find the tents pitched, and the food ready to be served. It was a happy time for Beth and Jean, and as for Creighton, he found out what he wanted to know.

One morning as the party came into the shadows of the Calaveras forest, they saw Sam, who had gone before, leaning over the stump of one of the large trees. He was counting the rings of each year's growth, and trying to figure out its age.

"How old is it, Sam?" Beth asked, taking her place beside him.

"Two thousand years, this one,—by the rings! That one is three thousand, and that one, over there, four. It's three times the size of the one here, and that one over there is at least ——"

"Stop!" Beth cried. "I can't get you!"

"Figure it this way, so far as we can," said Creighton. "Man has been on this planet ten thousand years. That covers everything since history. These trees have stood here, lording it over this valley, with their heads to the stars long enough to let almost all human history pass by."

Pausing, they looked up to the top of the giant tree. Sam called their attention to its height, saying, "Look up, now back away, and watch it climb

into the sky!" For a long time they stood in silence. Presently a ray of light fell through the foliage, and Sam broke the silence by pointing to the oaks near by, and saying, "These grew," then raising his eyes to the redwoods, he said, "but Almighty God made these." The three men removed their caps and stood in silence.

Along the way, Sam had gathered a bouquet of squaw grass, and as he gave the silver flowers to Beth and Jean, he told them how they blossom only once in seven years.

"You are fond of flowers, are you not, Sam?" Jean asked, as she thanked him for the bouquet.

"I like them," he replied, "but not on a woman's hat, nor woven in a carpet."

"But, Sam, think how fond your Indian women are of decorating themselves."

"The Indian woman," Sam replied, "braids her hair, and decorates herself with beads as blue as the sky, or as dark as her eyes, or as green as the leaves of the trees, then she throws a scarf over her head that is as bright and cheerful as the glow of the orange; and she is supposed to be dressed like a barbarian. But look at some of your American women. They have a fruit ranch on their hats—there are plums, cherries, grapes, pickles, wild hay, pumpkin and squash vines; or they collect a bunch of feathers from a chicken, along with the wing of an owl, and the tail of a crow, and wear it, and that is supposed to be beautiful. It

may be beautiful, I don't know about that, but I prefer the Indian beads," Sam concluded, as all joined in hearty laughter.

"How bright and fresh the charcoal is!" said Jean. "There must have been a recent fire here."

"No," Sam replied, "charcoal never loses its lustre. Such fire was kindled by the Indians years and years ago. It used to be when they wanted game, they went back into the canyon, set fire to the woods, and when the mountain bears and bobcats were driven out by the fire, they would slaughter them."

They now came to a circle of great trees.

"These are of the curly grain variety," said Sam. "You can see the curl in the bark," and they noted the graceful waves. "That curl goes right through into the grain of the wood. It is the most beautiful wood in the world! The central tree," he continued, "has been cut out, and around the rim from the parent root these dozen trees have grown, each one of them a giant."

Later, when they came around the shoulder of the mountains that afforded a view across the intervening valley, the half-breed pointed out the trail up the mountainside. "These peaks used to belong to my people," he said, "and echoed to the footsteps of the Indian pony long before the grind of the pony relay stage."

Far below, they noted a mountain stream gleaming through the greenery like a silver ribbon, and

dancing around the rocks as it journeyed to the sea. Deer came timidly out of the underbrush for a drink, and Sam explained that one of them was on the alert to guard the others and warn them of lurking danger.

Above the mountain stream, over a shelf of rocks that was hidden beneath foliage, a waterfall plunged into view, and as the breath of the canyon smote it, and the sunbeams drove across its unfolding billows of creamy white, it spilled its glory through the spaces, and fell on the rocks below in a cadence of melody that faded away in a shoreless sea of song.

As they came over the crest of the mountain, slowly down to the opposite side, they saw a ridge a mile in length. At the top it was only a few feet wide. It was without vegetation of any kind. Through the center of it they saw an open seam in the rocks, and out of it issued a roar that sounded like the muffled whistle of a steamboat.

"This," said Creighton, "is the newest portion of the earth's globe. The crust here is only half-baked. The fires cooled off before it was thoroughly cooked."

Meanwhile, Sam had gathered half a dozen sticks; on the end of each, he tied an egg wrapped in a bit of linen. Giving each of the party a stick with the egg on the end of it, he said, "Come along now; every man his own chef. Boil your eggs to suit yourself."

Climbing to the edge of the fissure, they swung the eggs down into the opening, and so great was the heat of the steam that issued from the opening that the eggs were hard-boiled in a very short time.

"The steam that comes out of that fissure," said Creighton, "is charged with the silica from the acid rock that mothers minerals. This is the only place on the earth's surface where a mineral vein is in the process of formation. Here gold, silver, antimony, cinnabar and quicksilver crystals are being precipitated. When the heat and the pressure reach a certain point, the conditions are right for mineralization, and the elements pass from one form to another, just as when you make maple sugar by boiling the sap. Big coarse quartz carries only a small percentage of mineral. The fine, small crystals are rich in ore. They represent the long periods of mineralization, the refinement of mineral life. The big trees are wonderful, being alive, but for age they are in the kindergarten compared with what is going on here. It takes nature a long time to turn out her finished products."

While the men were preparing the lunch, Duke was gathering the data that would help them in locating possible hidden streams of water that might be tapped by tunnelling.

"I think we are on the right clue," said Creighton, looking at the slope of the mountains, then at

Duke's drawings. "An engineer is just a pair of scales to weigh the facts; get close to the conditions and find out what is below the surface. It's a fascinating game, isn't it?"

"I call it a gamble with the cards stacked against you," Duke replied.

In a détour that led into a plateau, Sam took the party to the cabin of a pioneer whom Creighton wanted, with unaccountable anxiety, to see, and who was known far and wide as an authority on bees and wild flowers. As the old man pointed out the various hives into which the bees were bringing their rich stores, he talked about them.

As they stood listening, Sam gathered a handful of yellow butter balls and some purple heather, and pulling up the roots of some lizard tail, he said, "The Indians make tea out of this. It's good for rheumatism. Don't smile," he said, addressing Beth; "you used to take sassafras tea and sulphur and molasses."

"Oh, that wasn't so bad, but, oh, the goose grease I had to take for my croup!" Beth remarked with a laugh.

"Yes, I remember that too; you used to bark like a sea-lion. But there's nothing better for a cold than goose grease. I've saved more than one man's life by pouring hot goose grease down his throat, and rubbing it into his chest."

"We're behind the schedule," said Sam, pausing in his reminiscences to glance at the sun. "It

will be dark long before we reach camp. Come along now, in a good, steady swing.

"These woods once thrilled with the songs of all kinds of birds," said Sam, as, leaving Creighton in conversation with the pioneer, they walked beneath a cluster of trees, "but now they are almost silent," and he looked wistfully around as if in search of a lost friend. "Not only are the birds gone, murdered to meet the demands of fashion, but the insects upon which they fed have increased, and as a consequence, many a fine orchard has been destroyed. Civilization is great stuff, isn't it?

"Look at that red-breasted sap-sucker," he added. "There! He has gone around to the other side of the tree. Hear his tattoo! I tell you, he can make the chips fly when he bores out the cavity in which to build his nest."

"He's not civilized," Beth exclaimed. "He makes his wife do all the hard drilling. There he is now! See, he is drinking the sweet sap that runs out of the bark."

"Oh, he is civilized all right," replied Sam. "He's a white man, he drinks so much of the sap it makes him dizzy; he goes on a regular spree."

"There aren't many of them left," said Sam, in answer to a question from Creighton, who had just overtaken them, about the Indians. "Only about three hundred thousand. Most people think of Indians as wild savages, with painted skins,

dancing a snake dance around a fire in the dark of the moon. In museums you can see samples of Indian pottery and baskets and blankets, and once in a great while you will hear a trace of Indian music. That is what civilization has done for my people. Their land has been confiscated; they have been driven out of their homes and thus impoverished, depleted in health and hope—they are left to shift for themselves. But the Indian is a good loser," Sam concluded. "Anyway, you can't live on a grouch."

"Isn't Sam wonderful?" Jean said to Beth, as they walked along.

"Sam is wonderful!" Beth replied. "He knows the wealth of the hills, the language of the brooks, the story of the seasons and the message of the mountains! He is a good rider, a perfect shot and a fine canoeist; he is the most graceful walker I ever saw. Just look at his stride, and watch the rhythm of his swing! He is the champion long distance runner of the country. And resourceful —I have never once seen him at his wit's end!

"I remember when I was a little girl, I asked him one time about the four seasons of the year, and he said, 'To-morrow I will show you.' Early in the morning he took me up into the mountains where we snowballed. 'That is winter,' he said. Then we came down into the rose garden, and he cut a big bouquet of roses. 'This is spring,' he remarked, as he gave me the flowers. Then we

went down to the beach and took a plunge in the ocean. 'Now you are in the middle of summer,' he said. Then we came home and went out into the vineyard and gathered clusters of grapes. 'This is autumn,' he exclaimed. 'Winter, spring, summer, autumn—all of the seasons of the year in one day. Now you know what they mean,' he said. And I did!

"I remember one morning I was watching the sun come up, and I was trying to guess where it would appear. It was the first time we had been in that part of the range. Sam came along and asked me what I was doing, and when I told him, he said, 'Look for it—there!' and he pointed out the exact spot where the sun came over the mountain. And as we watched the sun climb up over the peak and flood the world with morning light, and then looked down below on the dark domes that lifted their heads out of a sea of mist, I remember seeing Sam take off his hat and stand there, silent and reverent. He is a great soul!" Beth concluded, impressively.

"Who is he?" Jean asked Beth.

"Who is anybody? Sam never speaks of the past. That's his secret!"

"Everybody has a secret, it seems to me," said Jean. "Quinn has gone on a secret mission to the Isle of Patmos. Whenever I come near Mr. Creighton, he seems to me somehow to change, to put on an extra effort to appear natural. Why?

I can't imagine! I only know that I am conscious of it.

"Did you hear him talking to the old prospector? Creighton asked him how long he had been working the mine, and when he replied, 'Oh, off and on for twenty years,' Creighton turned pale. And when the miner told him that there had been a fierce fight over the claim, and that the mine never brought any luck to the men who got it because they had railroaded a man into the pen to get him out of the way, I thought Creighton was going to fall in his tracks! I tell you, there is trouble in his life. My heart aches when I look at him. He is fighting a battle. I sometimes wonder how long he can keep it up."

IX

FOLLOWING THE GLEAM

THROUGH the nursing and care of the monk who had admitted him to the monastery, Quinn had recovered his strength and was becoming restless. "At long intervals," the monk told him, "a brig stops here; apart from this, there is no way of communicating with the outside world."

With the monks of the monastery he had little in common. They gave him food and a place to sleep, cheerfully, but Quinn felt that most of them would be glad to be rid of him. He spent many days in the library where the shelves were stacked, but although the books he found were written in various languages, Quinn was a linguist and able to understand and enjoy.

Seated in the chapel, Quinn watched the altar lights and listened to the chorus as the monks chanted their responses. For the moment, peace would creep into his soul. But when he sat in the cloister with the pacing monks about him, rebellion arose within him.

"They are fooling themselves with illusions,"

he said. "Because they have a few rare volumes they think they have a library. It's a book morgue! Four drops of the tincture of madness taken daily does the work. Nothing spreads like blue, and they think they enjoy their melancholy! Habit—habit—habit! What crimes are committed in your name!" he muttered, as he left the monastery and walked to a ledge of rock that overhung the sea.

During the first days of his stay on the island, one brother had watched Quinn closely. A feeling of interest had arisen between them. To him, Quinn had already told details of his life; he had told him, too, about the mission committed to his hands. The letter entrusted to him had been lost. He had given to the monk the name of the man to whom the letter had been addressed. And this had led to an intimate acquaintance. This monk, it was, who had cared for him on the day of his arrival, and when Quinn felt a hand resting on his shoulder one day, he was not surprised, on looking, to find his new friend at his side.

"I was thinking of you," the monk said, "and of your experience," and his eyes glowed as he continued. "It made me live over again my life of other years. My youth, my early manhood were not unlike your own. Then my hopes were wrecked and sent me here."

And suddenly his eyes were wet. Then he smiled.

"People who cry cannot see," the monk said, as he continued. "The best of life, the stories leave untold; they tell about the blows, not how the bruise was carried. Stories never tell you these things, but life omits no part. Nevertheless, all parts make up the real story of life, the story we weep over or rejoice in, the story we treasure in the heart."

"Won't you tell me your story?" Quinn asked.

At this the monk seemed deeply moved, and Quinn feared that his direct question had offended his good friend, but after a moment, the monk said:

"It is a long story, my son, and a long time ago. About your age, I was finishing college. I was poor, but poverty meant nothing to the woman I loved—and I had taught her to love me. I worked and studied for her. She was my star of hope, my inspiration, and when I finished—with honours, my joy was multiplied because she shared it with me. At last the time came when I had made a home for her, but her family had planned otherwise. Some one her father had chosen—married her. I had a brother who had gone West in search of wealth. From the first he succeeded. All his projects spelled success. Then he disappeared. I went to the coast to clear the mystery, but found no trace of him. This mystery and the implied disgrace was the excuse her father gave me for refusing me my wife."

Quinn looked at the monk with piercing scrutiny, and was on the point of speaking when the monk continued:

"I tried to be reconciled—and I was, eventually. But I found no happiness. Thus, the years sped on. I cannot tell you all that came into my life.

"I found relief in teaching. A professorship was given to me. There was a large attendance one winter semester. To help out several of the men, I shared my rooms with them for a number of weeks. By an accident—our writing was oddly similar—I saw one day how one of the students had written concerning my 'scholarship and ability,' and in ending the letter, he said he hoped his father would visit him and come to know me.

"During the course of the winter the young man became ill, and died before his parents could arrive. His mother came the morning of her son's death. When she saw he was dead, a cry of agony escaped her lips; she called his name and mine, and fainted.

"Next day she died. Together, mother and son were taken home. Before she died, she told me she had sent him to me for my teaching. She hoped to compensate me—with him—for the sorrow of my life.

"You see, my son," the monk continued, "a woman's heart can never quite forget the man who has loved her, whom she has loved.

"Friends came to me with comfort and advice,

but they brought no consolation. What were these to one who hung upon the heavy cross of mystery, and in whose heart the problem of existence lay heavy and unsolved?

"The world, life, death, eternity—the thought of all these multiplied the anguish of my soul. The final light of hope faded for me, and died; and, not caring for life, yet still clinging to it because I doubted another, I passed within the shadow of that tower, and the monastery closed behind me."

The monk now stood before him, having arisen as he concluded. His stalwart figure, in brown, his white hair, his keen eye, his frank, untroubled manner, made him a figure of commanding power.

"And did you find the comfort you sought?" Quinn inquired.

"No. But I found a comfort of a different sort. Real value is in the aim, in the purpose to be achieved. I had known this as a theory, but now I had to bring it to my life. When I came here—I am not a priest—I came to find, if possible, the resignation, the faith, the security, the solace which I had heard the men found who live here."

"It's the last place I should have chosen!" Quinn exclaimed.

"So you think now, my son, and so I thought—in the old days. But this is not life—outside of

living, as you think. It is life in authority—not inspired from without, but derived from within.

"Fortunately for us, some things are self-evident, as—things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. So we know that our days are numbered, and we want to meet God in peace. In the hour when we face the inevitable thing we call Death, we would be on good terms with the universe. Such is the wish of every soul, and the human mind, my son, is such that it must give assent to these truths. The mark of a master mind is the love of truth and pursuit of it. In such, there is no confusion of issues, no prejudiced conclusion, no evasion through fear, or superstition.

"A picture, a poem, a play, a novel, a lecture, an essay or a sermon, if it expresses life, has four simple elements: first, beauty; second, interest; third, vitality; and fourth, inspiration—power to embody in your life all that you found therein. Simply to know that a thing is beautiful amounts to nothing. But to feel it, to have its glory thrill you, to have its appeal awaken in your soul the music of life, and to have it bring to you the consciousness that you belong to the great company of immortals who, through suffering, have been made strong — that makes you feel rich — rich indeed ——" The monk paused.

"It's all right to feel rich," said Quinn. "I agree with you there; but feeling that way doesn't

make you so. I like you, and your company, but if it weren't for you, this outfit would drive one to lunacy. I don't like your life here, and I'm not going to say I do."

"Nevertheless, we have to deal with things as they are," said the brother, "and there are two ways of looking at them. You can look at precious stones and see sand, charcoal and rust; or, you can see the heart beat in an opal, and the sun in the heart of the diamond. So, also, you can know the universe as matter, or you can see it in the terms of spirit.

"Listen to this," and the monk took from his pocket a little book and began to read.

"'Socrates: We are agreed that he who uses a thing is always different from the thing he uses.

"'Alcibiades: That is agreed between us.

"'Socrates: So that the shoemaker and the harper are some other thing than the hands and eyes which they both use.

"'Alcibiades: That is plain.

"'Socrates: Man uses his body.

"'Alcibiades: Who doubts it?

"'Socrates: That which uses a thing is different from the thing which is used.

"'Alcibiades: Yes.

"'Socrates: Man, then, is a different thing from his body?

"'Alcibiades: I believe it.

"'Socrates: What is man, then?

"'Alcibiades: Indeed, Socrates, I cannot tell.

"'Socrates: You can at least tell me that man is that which uses the body.

"'Alcibiades: That is true.

"'Socrates: Is there anything that uses the body besides the soul?

"'Alcibiades: No, nothing else.

"'Socrates: Is it that that governs?

"'Alcibiades: Most certainly.

"'Socrates: I believe that there is no man but is forced to confess ——

"'Alcibiades: What?

"'Socrates: That man is either one of these three things: either the soul or the body, or the compound of them both. Now are we agreed that man is that which commands the body?

"'Alcibiades: That we are.

"'Socrates: What is man, then? Does the body command itself? No, for we have said it is the man that commands that. So that the body is not the man.

"'Alcibiades: So it seems.

"'Socrates: Is it then the compound that commands the body? And shall this compound be the man?

"'Alcibiades: That may be.

"'Socrates: Nothing less. For, since one of them does not command, as we have already said, it is impossible that both should command together.

"'Alcibiades: It is very true.

"'Socrates: Seeing then neither the body nor the compound of soul and body are the man, it is absolutely necessary either that man be nothing at all, or that the soul alone be the man.'

"That, my son, is reasoning. Now, the one thing that you were most certain of as regards yourself while listening is the fact that you are yourself a conscious thinker. It is not possible to reason about a self unless there is a self to do the reasoning. I have been telling you about myself as I am now and as I was twenty years ago. I am the same person, even though I wonder at it. I know this because I can note the meaning of the changes the years have brought. We learn by contact. Pardon me for teaching a physician matters in which he is better informed than I; but it is all in the lesson. You know we learn, I repeat, by contact. By a system of nerves, there is carried to the brain impressions made upon us by the external world. Other nerves carry the messages from the brain to the organs of motion. By means of the nerve lines that go to the brain, we obtain our knowledge of the outside world; by means of the nerve lines that go out from the brain, we perform our actions. This forms the physical basis upon which our life is carried morning and evening, year in and year out, until the span is ended. Thus knowing and acting make up the warp and woof of life. But to interpret

life is different from life itself. When we identify our experiences, sensation becomes perception, and we know that the nerve lines are no more the personality that perceives these impressions than the piano is the musician who plays upon it. Our personal appearance is largely a racial product and the result of environment. We are born, grow, mature, decay, die—that is the order of nature. Our bodily self, with its singularities, passes away, but the true self that looks out through the eyes, that speaks through the voice, is of a different substance, and just as after sleep we awake to take up the threads of conscious life again, thus when the physical life ceases, the personality will continue its growth toward the larger self-hood of which we feel ourselves capable.

"In the library, there is a manuscript written long before the Christian era. When I read it, I feel the heart-beat of the man who wrote the words. Through it I trace the spirit of the writer as he voices the yearnings and desires of the men of his day. Is the genius less enduring than his parchment?

"When you were a boy, did you fly your kite at dusk? If you did, perhaps you could not see the kite, but you felt its pull, and you knew that it was there! My friend, each one of us flies kites at nightfall in this human world—and the tug we feel is the pull of the eternal."

Noting that the monk seemed tired, Quinn said,

"You are very kind, and I thank you. It is all very clear to you, and when I listen, I seem to command myself, but I confess that the only thing I am sure about is, that I am not sure about anything."

"So you have taken stock of your soul?" the monk asked eagerly. "You have lifted yourself into the larger mood? Have you read and thought and sought as much of God as you have of material things? Is there only a house and no builder? Is there only music and no master? Is there only a machine and no mechanician?

"When you turn the leaves of a book, it shows order and arrangement. This arrangement discloses thought. These solid walls of the monastery mean thought. The ship that brought you, and that comes and goes at intervals, lands here by agreed direction. Now, order, stability and direction are evident everywhere. But it is a mind that works through them, and in them is a mind that reveals itself in its action.

"When I showed you our monastery and pointed out the arches, the pictures, the statues, the books, the walk along the cloister, suppose you had asked, 'Who lives here?' and suppose that I had answered, 'No one. No one ever has. It is wall and space, there is no tenant anywhere.' Tell me, my son, how would you have felt? What would have been your thought?

"Here is this solid earth, this open sky, these stars, this sea. Here are flowers that charm us with beauty, and birds that move through the sunlight. Now speed through the universe. Touch every star. Then call through the spaces and ask, 'Where is the Master of the House?' And if the answer came, 'There is no Master.' My son, would you laugh—or would your heart die of loneliness?"

"Yes," Quinn replied, "if I thought of the universe in that way, I would be heartsick. I think of the builder when I see a house; but when I see a tree, I do not think that some one made it. To me, the universe is a living thing; but to you, it is a house. If you ask me who the master may be, I must say that so far as I know, the master of the house is Man himself, and none other. A sorry answer, but I know no better."

The monk made no direct reply. For the moment he gazed into the distance with luminous eyes. "The riddle of existence," he said presently, and he spoke as though he were communing with himself, "is a mystery to the finite mind. We must take ourselves as we are. Just now, right here, we are a part of the universe. In planning our lives, the question is, how can we best spend our days? There must be a right way; the right way must be the best way; and it must be best to live the right way. We must accept some leadership, some way. And when all other anchors

give way, there is left no leadership but Christ. I have found it adequate and satisfying."

"Put that way, Christ, no doubt, stands supreme, but how does your faith in Him bring you the assurance you seek?"

"My son, when you think of a church, a palace, a picture, a poem, you can always imagine a more perfect structure, a finer picture, a lovelier poem.

"But it is here Christ stands alone. His views are eminence. His time is endless. His spirit rules the minds of men wherever the world is best. By common consent, His teachings are the whole world's test of excellence. 'No mortal can with Him compare among the sons of men.'

"Our Master did not try to argue a belief in the existence of God. He taught men to say 'Our Father,' and they were satisfied.

"Our Lord did not try to prove immortality. He spoke of the many mansions.

"Christ did not argue the worth of the human soul. He recovered a Magdalene.

"My son, these truths fit into life wherever it is reckoned at its best, and it is by faith in these truths that men have attained their worth, and their most glorious destiny. Listen!" and they paused to hear the strains of the "Te Deum":

> "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ,
> Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father,"

As the music died away, the monk said, "We

lose many things in life, but the supreme calamity is loss of God." Then after a pause, he continued, "I want to tell you sometime about our island, and a man who lived here. Not now. But remember this, my son, take the long view—and remember also 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be.'"

X

RAINBOWS ON PARADE

CREIGHTON believed that every man must have three things—religion, a job and a hobby. Some men run to religion; they saunter with their heads in the clouds until they tumble off into a well. Others are "business"; as if the end of man was to leave behind him a fortune. Still others go off on hobbies; once astride, they never dismount. If a man has no religion, Creighton held, he ignores the man within himself; a man without a job becomes demoralized; and, if he lacks a hobby, he forgets how to play. But with the three—religion, a job, and a hobby, he said you have a clean, industrious, happy man.

Creighton knew every soul in the camp, Mexican, Chinese, Swede or Guinea, and called them by name without hesitation. It was one of his hobbies to locate the men in zones, according to temperament and disposition, and in a way peculiarly his own! If a man was easily taken in, he was green; if he was insolent and cowardly, he was yellow; if he was reminiscent, always living in the past, he was indigo; if he praised himself and

laughed at his own jokes, he was violet; if he was hostile, reckless, belligerent, he was red; and, if he was kind, he was orange!

For an hour each day, Creighton met the men who had a grievance, or who, for any reason, wanted to see him. He called the procession "the rainbows."

He was speaking to a thick-necked man one morning. The fellow had heavy brows and a look of chronic grouch. "Well, Sibley," Creighton asked, as the man slipped into a chair, "what's the trouble to-day?"

Without heeding the question, the man announced that he was going to quit the job, and wanted his "time."

"What's the trouble?" Creighton repeated in a quiet voice.

"Trouble?" the man demanded. "Trouble! I'll tell you what's the trouble. I don't know nobody, and nobody knows me. What's more, I don't want to know nobody. Anyway, there are too many bosses."

"Why not write to some of your friends that you do know?" Creighton asked.

"Write ——" there was a pause after the word was pronounced. "Write! I've been away a long time. I can't write, I don't know how, I ——"

"Let me do it for you," said Creighton, relieving the evident embarrassment of the man's con-

fession. "It won't take a minute," and turning to the typewriter, ticked off the following letter:

"DEAR FOLKS:

"I've been living a sort of a grasshopper life since I left you. I know I didn't do right in not letting you know about myself, but I wasn't in one place long enough to give an address, so I just let it go at that. I am working up here with a gang of men on a big job of engineering. It's a big proposition and I don't know any of the men, but I'm getting acquainted a little and if I stick, I think there is a good chance for me. I guess you think it's time I was staying by a job long enough to make something happen, and maybe I can. Anyway, if you will send a letter here I will get it and be mighty glad to hear from the best folks on earth.

"Your son,

"FRANK SIBLEY."

As Creighton read the letter, Sibley drew his chair close, and, leaning forward, said, "Say! Mister, what's your line?"

"Give you ten guesses," Creighton answered, "and while you're guessing, I'll just add a postscript."

"P. S. The boss says to tell you that while the place where I work is called 'Devil's Gate,' the gate is shut and the Devil is locked out, and I'll say it's the cleanest camp I ever worked in.

"FRANK."

"And just tell them, won't you," Sibley interposed, "that I'm working for you, and put in this money?" and he drew a crumpled bill out of his pocket and gave it to Creighton, while a new light glowed in his countenance.

The next man to come in was in a bad way. "Good-morning, Mr. Creighton," he exclaimed, and then he repeated the words, several times, nervously.

"Sit down, my friend," said Creighton; "you're seeing red."

"I've quit," said the man, looking at nothing in particular. "Don't count on me, I tell you. I'm out of it."

"Why the hurry, Morasch?" Creighton asked.

"You're all right, Mr. Creighton. You've had things handed to you all of your life, but ——"

"Yes, I know," Creighton interposed. "I have had things handed to me all my life, as you say. I've been through a lot; that's why I want you to stay by the game. Easy-money never made a man happy, useful or liked. The only way we can keep our self-respect is by doing our best. Have you ever figured out the difference between a common man and a great one? Lincoln ate and slept just as we do, but when he spoke or split rails, he made that one job great. It isn't what men do; it's the way they do it."

Suddenly the man threw his hands up over his

head. "I've done time!" he cried. "And the warden's in camp!"

"Morasch, I'm not concerned with what you have done; I'm interested in what you are doing. This is big league stuff. You could put steam into the game if you'd try. Give yourself a try-out. You've got them all faded for ability. Then, too, it's taken for granted when a man is on the pay-roll, he'll stick, and do his best. This is your chance, and if you don't come through, good-night."

"I'm with you, Mr. Creighton," said the man.

"Good!" said Creighton, and as the fellow left him, his head dropped and he sat so, thinking.

"What's in the package, Savitch?" he asked, as the next man came in. The fellow had dropped a bundle and a photograph slipped out.

"I'm through!" said the man, ignoring the question. "Here's her letters and her picture, and back they go! She always says she needs more money and why don't I send more! I've got to lose her. I've quit the job—and I'll thank you for my pay."

"Sit down, Savitch," said Creighton. After a moment, he asked, "Is what she writes true? Couldn't you send her more?"

To this there was no response.

"I don't know what you have been doing," continued Creighton. "There's a proverb that says, 'When you're cornered, don't lie: ask questions.'

Savitch, you are getting money enough to support yourself and your wife, and do it handsomely. Why all this fuss? If she's asking for more than she needs, find out why. Get at the truth. I'll guarantee that all she wants is to find out what you get. She wants what's hers, and she's right to want it. If she's asking for more than her share, she'll back down, when she understands. But if you're just peeved with her, that's a luxury you can't afford. Don't be in a hurry. When people figure calmly and get at the facts, they generally stay friends. A man gives mighty little when he marries. He keeps his job, gets a home where he's boss, and a cook and a nurse and children, if he's lucky. How about a woman? She gets the dishes and the scrubbing and the washing —maybe she leaves an easier job in some office to be your girl. For what! To run the risk of being thrown down by a fellow like you, then where is she? You asked her! She didn't ask you! What are you going to do?"

While Creighton was speaking, Savitch sat listening. The picture was face up upon the floor.

"May I see that picture?" asked Creighton. "Your wife?" he asked, after he had looked at it.

"Yes."

"Savitch, green is your colour all right. Man, listen to me! If that is a picture of your wife, you ought to thank God! Here, take it! Go back to your room. Write her a letter. Inclose this

bill. I will advance it on your next pay envelope. Win her all over again, and I'll arrange to have her come here and live with you."

The man considered. "I'll do it, Mr. Creighton, and I thank you," came the reply.

As the man went out, Swen entered, very much agitated. "Maester Creighton," he said, "dis ban a gude chance to make tings vin. Dis har land ban all made over new. It ban a big yob, but yu do it. Ay spose us guys ban a tough bunch, and ay spose yu like to quit, maybe often, but men all ban loyal to yu. Da all say yu ban a gude faller to them. Ay ant hardly know vat to say, Mr. Creighton. Ay ant know vat to say, but vat for ban reason of dat deputy from bull pen to be in camp? Mr. Creighton, yu know ay ban yust a tuf old lumberyack. Sum pepul tink a lumberyack faller ban yust a poor sucker. Val maybe, but if dat geezer try to give me a stall, val, ay ban raising hal mighty quick, ay tel yu."

At mention of the deputy, Creighton gave Swen a sharp look. It was the same look that had passed between them the evening they met at the camp fire.

"Vat he vant, anyvay?" Swen continued, returning an understanding glance. "I see bunch of men talk low an sidestep quick. All ackt like horses van a big storm come. If he trow monkey ranch into machinery, he get his, ay tel yu. Sam say to me, 'Ay tank it ban a shame to be missing a

fine chance to give dat deputy his. Dar ant no place in dis har camp for him. If he ban vise he vill strike retreat before ve put a gude crimp in him.' Leave him to me and Sam, Mr. Creighton; leave dat guy to me and Sam," and so saying, Swen departed as unceremoniously as he had entered.

Creighton now sat at his desk, reviewing the progress of the work with Russell.

When Russell was about to leave, he turned and said, "By the way, is there a man in camp by the name of Blackburn?"

Creighton sat for a moment finishing the writing in which he was engaged, then turning, he looked the President of the Board in the face and asked, "Why? Who wants him?"

"Just as I came in," Russell replied, "I met one of the deputy wardens out in the camp. He said he was trying to locate Blackburn—and several men. He thought some of them were either here or in the camp that is at work on the tunnel."

"Send him in," said Creighton.

A few moments later, Warden Delaney came through the door of the office. Creighton arose to meet him. The men looked at each other—neither spoke a word for a moment.

"Sit down," said Creighton.

"By the eternal!" the warden exclaimed. "You!"

"Yes, by the eternal—me!" Creighton replied. "Sit down!"

"You're heading up this project?"

"Yes, I'm heading up this project. *Sit down!*" Creighton's voice was quiet.

"You've had your way long enough, Delaney," he said. "Now you're due for a show-down. There was a time when I took orders from you.—In the bull pen, I lost my self-respect,—and my name. After I was out, it was a fight to put down all I remembered, night and day! Defeat beat down on me. No gleam of hope did any man ever get from you or the likes of you. Not a man goes out of your hell without murder in his heart. That's because he thinks you're the State. Oh, you're on the State pay-roll, because your brother's 'next'! But you couldn't keep a dog-pound on your own merits. The dogs would eat you! Now you come down here a spotter. And I wonder what the record would say if a spotter had tracked you during the last twenty-four hours! On collusion with Fleck, are you? He's been here! But you don't need to squeal on yourself—your face does it!

"Now, the man whose name you mentioned to the President of the Board is in the camp. So are others. So am I. Some of them paroled, some pardoned, some escaped, some have served their time. All these men are making good. If they lose their jobs, I'll know why and so will you!

Now, you keep your mouth shut or I'll shut it! And I tell you when I shut it, it's shut and shut to stay! Now get out! We need your room."

As the warden left the office, Russell, who was approaching, paused outside. He thought he heard Creighton giving orders, then a silence ensued, and he noted the white-lipped warden as he walked away.

That any man should hate Creighton seemed incredible. "Things have been going too well to last," he mused, "but whatever the trouble is, I'll stand by Creighton," he said, and entered the office.

"You heard what I said to the warden?" Creighton inquired, as Russell came in, arising from his desk and holding a paper in his hand.

"I heard parts of it," Russell replied. "I couldn't make out what you were saying."

"Here is my resignation," said Creighton, holding out the paper in his hand. "I have just written it; the ink isn't dry."

Russell stood looking at Creighton. Both his hands were jammed into his trousers' pockets, as was his custom.

"Your resignation!" Russell repeated.

"Yes."

"Don't say any more. I don't know what has happened, and I don't care. You didn't get your job by a pull, and you have earned your right to hold it. You owe it to yourself, you owe it to the

Board, you owe it to the men, and you owe it to the people to carry this project through. As for the warden, I don't know what he knows, I don't know what he said, and I don't care to know! You listen to me! I'm no preacher, but the Book says the Lord casts our sins into the sea, and if He does that, why cut bait, go fish for them? What man dares to think out loud? Not the best of us! And that's nothing against us either. It means that some things are ours and the Lord's, and nobody else's! Creighton, this is your stunt. You know the work, and what's more, you know men.

"We have just made arrangements with a movie concern to film the whole project. Everything will be filmed and shown around the world. Don't lie down on us! You are making good. I believe in the gospel of another chance; so do you. We all live by faith—in something. Ultimately, we have to trust somebody, and we trust you, implicitly."

"Thank you," said Creighton, simply. "Nevertheless, Mr. Russell, my resignation is in your hands to go into effect any time it will help you, or serve the cause."

Russell tore the paper up and threw it into the waste-basket.

"It will be time enough to write it when it is called for," he said.

Once outside the office, the warden had walked

slowly across the camp to the trail where he paused a moment in silence, looking into vacancy, mortification written upon his countenance. He had come to the camp to spy out a few men, and found Creighton. Into his mind had sprung the hope that he might blackmail Creighton into silence, for Creighton knew too much. But he had mistaken his man. For a moment, but only for a moment, a startling sensation of what it all meant shot through his mind. What Creighton had said was right. He knew its truth and justice. Here he might have parted with his double dealing, and he would have, had he been possessed of any honour. But this was the one thing he did not possess. Every impulse of his being had long since turned devil's advocate. The whole horizon of his life was narrowed down to the rim of a piece of money. All light, save the light of cunning, had long since gone from his eye. Now he faced the mirror of truth as Creighton had held it up to him, and there was a puzzled expression in his countenance, the sign of bewilderment that comes to the man who has been suddenly and completely outdone in his own game.

As the warden crossed the camp, Sam was coming in to make a report. Sam's quick eye detected the fact that things were not running smoothly. He saw the warden's hand slip over his hip pocket as he looked to the right and left, pausing a num-

ber of times on his way to the trail that led out of the camp.

"I'll just give that guy the once-over," said Sam to himself, "so he doesn't miss the way," and he rolled a cigarette and sauntered to a bluff that gave a view of the trail. "I've got a hunch I may be needed."

Sam always followed his hunch, as he called it. He believed implicitly in his great hopes and fears. They had been his infallible guides. "Results are what I'm after," he said, and he generally got results. And so he believed absolutely in the integrity of his mental operations.

"I don't care what you call it," he had said, "but there's something in every man with gray matter back of his eye, and whatever it is, it won't lead him wrong, if he's on the square."

As superintendent of the tunnel construction work, Sam was popular with his men. The best shot in the camp, he had additional claim to their admiration in his rugged manliness, his prompt decision and his honest dealings. As he came around the shoulder of the hill, he saw Jean coming along the trail about a mile below.

"Ah, ha! You are needed now, Mr. Man," Sam said, as he hurried his pace. In a few moments he had reached a point from which he could look down upon the trail as it wound around and doubled back on the mountainside. Here he awaited developments. Presently, Jean appeared

on the lower side of the trail, turned to the left, started up a path, the whole stretch of which came under his range of vision from the place where he was waiting. In another moment, from above, he saw the deputy going down. The two were now approaching each other, and Sam saw the deputy pause, stand in the center of the trail and, as Jean drew near, said something.

Jean drew back, and as she did so, Sam saw the deputy catch at her wrist, and, in the struggle, throw his arm about her.

Sam leaped to the rescue, not waiting to round the trail. Instantly the men grappled. Now Sam knew the cunning holds and the desperate grips of wrestling. Moreover, he knew how to bide his time, for his iron muscles never failed him. Beyond all this, he was defending a woman and his nerves thrilled with power. But the warden, too, had had experience in grappling with men. He knew the cruel hammerlock with which he had, on more than one occasion, broken the body and spirit of a prisoner who had rebelled against the treatment that was being meted out to him. Sam and the warden struggled. They swayed among the branches that overhung their heads. It was a grim, fierce, silent battle. In every attempt to get the deadly hold on Sam, the warden was unsuccessful. Panting for breath, he realized that this was an occasion where bluff would not carry the day. There was no one to call. No guards were

near. There was no whistle to blow, and no one to respond to his call for help, and man to man he knew that he was being outdone. With Sam, the situation had passed the point of doubt, if indeed there had ever been a doubt in his mind as to the outcome. He had turned his ankle in the leap and it pained him frightfully, but confident in himself, he held the warden until the ugly face was swollen, and the neck was knotted and blue! Jean looked on in agonized suspense. Then she saw Sam's arm slip beneath the warden's shoulder and around his neck; he set his grip with an even deadlier clutch, until, writhing in agony, and no longer able to withstand the deadly hold of his assailant, the warden doubled back and went down. For a long time no one spoke, while Sam stood over his late antagonist, strong and serene. There was no sign of mercy in his features. At last he ordered the warden to rise, and that unworthy slowly got to his feet, trembling with exhaustion. His coat was welted, his face was covered with dust.

Jean drew near, and as she stood beside Sam and touched his arm, she said, "I am—I hope you are—Is he ——?"

"Yes, Jean," Sam replied, as the muscles of his face relaxed for the first time. "I am—and you are—and he will be ——" Then turning to the warden, he said, "Apologize to the lady!"

"I beg your pardon," the warden stammered, in abject obedience. "I ——"

"No excuses," Sam commanded. "Now beat it!" Then he turned to Jean and said, "I think it will be all right for you to go up to the office. Mr. Creighton is waiting for you and will be glad to see you."

Turning to the warden, Sam said, "You better make your get-away before Swen gets hold of you. What's happened to you isn't a circumstance to what you'll get if he gets you! Beat it, and no loafing!"

In about thirty minutes, the warden ought to reach a point on the trail further down. Sam waited, rolling and smoking another cigarette. Presently the warden appeared, limping along the way, and Sam arose and started up the trail.

When Jean came into the office, not a little agitated, she found Creighton sitting alone at his desk absorbed in thought. She had entered so quietly that at first he was unaware of her presence. She was on the point of withdrawing, fearing that she had made a blunder in entering unannounced, when Creighton looked up and, seeing her, said, "Jean, I thought you were ——"

"Mr. Creighton, excuse me, but you are not sick, are you?"

"No, Jean, I'm just —— Sit down," he added. "Tell me about Quinn."

"Mr. Creighton, since the news about the *Nor-*

man reached us, I have waited, hoping against hope that Quinn would be alive, but the last word from the Company's office is that the Captain and Quinn were on board when the ship went down, and must have gone down with her. I have promised to sing for the men to-night, as you know, but I don't see how I can."

Before her, as she stood back of Creighton, Jean saw the mottoes that hung above his desk. One read:

"All Glorious Things Are Difficult"

and the other:

"The Best Fun in Life is Work."

"I suppose you know the meaning of these mottoes," Jean said, after a pause. "It is because you have made such a success of a very hard undertaking that all men honour and respect you. From the day Quinn introduced you on the trail, I have always associated you with him and his plans. Somehow, I seem always to have known you. Your voice isn't like any other voice I have ever heard, but it seems familiar. When I look into your eyes, your glance gives me a sense of peace, and hope in my heart. I have never known what it is to have a father, but I often think he must have been a man like you."

Creighton sat in his chair quietly. Why did he,

a man, sit by and allow this girl to do the talking? She needed comfort. She wanted some one in whose presence she could show her grief. All this Creighton knew, but he could not move. The thought of Fleck, on the one hand, and of Delaney, on the other, unnerved him.

Then he thought of the men of his "rainbow parade," with whom he had talked that morning, and of what he had said to them. Poor things, at best, but they at least had some colour, and every shade is necessary to make the rainbow that spans the sky of life with hope and beauty. As for himself, he seemed as black as midnight—just black despair. He dared not turn to face her. He could not meet her gaze. The thought of the warden held him, and made him helpless.

Thus they remained in silence, conscious only that their hearts were beating.

It is one of the blessings of heaven that when the strain of life reaches the breaking point, relief comes through little things. In the midst of the tension that held them both, Scotty came bounding through the door, came close up, looked into Creighton's face, then into Jean's; finally, as if sensing the situation, he sat down between them, lowered his head and looked at them solemn and profound.

XI

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND

AS the slow days passed, Quinn sought to ease the friction of his enforced stay in the monastery by engaging in some first-hand explorations about the island. He walked to the opposite shore. He went to the south end where he found a colony of seals on the rocks. In climbing to the highest peak, an elevation of two thousand feet, he found a number of wild goats.

In the bay in front of the monastery, the water was calm, and Quinn noted how the rocks were covered with fields of kelp. He built a raft, in the center of which he framed a piece of window glass, and looking through it, he saw a water garden of gorgeous proportions and colour. He watched the purple blossoms of the sea violets as they swayed with the motion of the water; it reminded him of fields of blowing wheat. He gathered specimens of moss, lavender and red, noting how they permanently retained their colours. He watched the fish as they passed to and fro through the mosses, and remarked on how they had a better home than the monks. "And happier too," he concluded.

"If I had chosen to do this," he mused, as he started up the trail to the monastery, "I'd like it! But having had no choice in the matter, I protest. This is strange, different, surprising, but I don't want it! I lack the spirit of adventure. If Jean were here ——" then it occurred to him that the monks wouldn't have her about.

He called to mind the story of the monk's life, his love and disappointment. It seemed to him that he had heard that same old story sometime or other, before, but he passed it by. He even considered the monk as the possible "Roberts" for whom the lost letter had been intended—had, indeed, gone over with him a second time the nature of his mission thither; and to his conjectures, the monk had lent an ever attentive ear and had returned a pious comment upon the dispensations of Providence. That was all! And no one else at the monastery, upon Quinn's inquiry, had declared a knowledge of any Roberts. Quinn's mission to the Isle of Patmos, then, had proved a blind alley. "It's a part of life as it is lived by thousands of people, only we don't know the individual cases," he said to himself.

Often he went to a quiet corner in the library, took a book, and in a spirit of impatience, began to turn the pages. The situation was beginning to pall upon him; it was intolerable. He was on the point of closing the book one day, when he noted the words:

"Fretfulness on the surface is the outward mark of a lack of depth within."

"He alone is heart-free whose affections center in God."

"To set our hearts on things beyond our range and to pretend that they are our native heath is to deceive no one but ourselves."

"Mental vagueness may bring a momentary magical happiness, but quietude of mind can only come to those who are vividly sensible of the claims of love, service and progress."

As Quinn read each paragraph, now deeply interested, the monk drew near and, unobserved, stood beside him. He was pleased to see Quinn sitting among the books. The picture brought a smile of approval to his countenance. He shot a quick glance over the page Quinn was reading, waiting for Quinn to break the silence, but Quinn was in no mood to talk. Homesick as he was, he had no wish to be treated as a lost sheep or a down-and-out. He felt the need of comradeship, but any professional condescension would have huffed him beyond endurance.

"I love these old volumes," the monk said finally, as Quinn returned the book to the shelf. "Strange, isn't it, how history repeats itself? You are here without your choosing When I saw you in the midst of these books, it reminded me of Ezekiel. When Nebuchadnezzar overran the country of the Jews and captured Jerusalem, he

carried away many of the people into captivity. Among these exiles was the author of this volume. He was a learned man, a man of means and ability, and was let to live in his own house. Many of the captives came to him for encouragement. They were homesick, as you have been, and some of them gave expression to their longings and aspirations in some of the finest songs and hymns that have ever been written. Listen to this ——" and the monk read impressively:

> "'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.'

"You see, my son," the monk remarked, as he concluded the reading, "it is out of just such experiences as these that the great things in life and literature have arisen. I can see Ezekiel collecting and arranging these songs. We know he did this, for they were subsequently sung in the services of the temple. Along with the songs, he gathered the stories of their patriots, the traditions of their heroes, the precepts of their fathers, the laws of Moses, the symbolical teachings of the temple ritual, the liturgies of the priests, the appeals of the prophets, the records of the historians, and when the exile read them, they stayed his heart. This gave him the historical perspective, the right viewpoint. He saw the meaning of his past. A new zest inspired him, a new hope possessed him, and

when he returned to Jerusalem with his fellows, he continued to sing these songs, and to read with a new and a larger meaning the laws of Moses, and the appeals of the prophets. These writings became his sacred heritage. This was the literature they read in the synagogues. This was the food on which they reared their children. This was their Bible. They saw in it the hand of God. To-day we call it the Old Testament."

"Interesting!" Quinn exclaimed.

"You must read it as Ezekiel and the people of Israel did, in the light of its historical formation," the monk continued. "You must get back to the spirit of the times out of which it came, the experiences and the places where the various parts originated, the history that is interwoven in the record, the men who were the authors."

"But that is what we have not been doing," Quinn replied. "As I understand it, a council of men arranged certain books and called them the Old Testament. Why couldn't a council, equally reverent and learned, give us an arrangement that would eliminate what isn't essential to us to-day, and leave in the things that make for our spiritual life and minister to our present religious needs?"

"I remember my own questions about these things when I was your age," the monk replied. "I was greatly troubled about them. I wanted a guide, but like yourself, I lost myself in the thickets. Then one day I read—'Man doth not live by

bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord,'—I paused and read again—'by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.' What are the words that proceed out of the mouth of the Lord, I asked myself. I began to write them down as they occurred to me—righteousness, honour, virtue, forgiveness, patience, fraternity, love, trust. These, I said, are the things by which men live! Everything that helps me to make them vital to me and makes them a part of my life is the voice of God to me, and anything that lessens their hold upon my life, I will put aside. You suggested that we ask a company of scholars to eliminate those things that are only of passing interest. I would leave that task to the common people. I would ask them what portions of the Old Testament they read, and why? There is many a chapter which nobody reads because it is not helpful, and many another which people read and reread again and again because it is the bread of life to their souls."

Reaching across the table, the monk took up a piece of parchment and, without speaking, began to trace upon it the outline of a college campus. Turning to Quinn, he said, "'This is a diagram of my old quadrangle. X shows the place of some of the buildings as I remember them. Now let us suppose that we were going to put these buildings to new or different uses. This"—pointing to an X on the diagram, "is Memorial Hall. On the

walls of its rooms are portraits of those who made the olden times splendid. Here is Abraham, with whom God made a covenant; and Jacob, the founder of a nation; and Joseph, who, through suffering, grew great; and Moses, the liberator of his people; and Joshua, who led them into the Land of Promise; and Saul, first king of a mighty monarchy; and Jeroboam, leading the Ten Tribes in a disastrous revolt; and Ezekiel, rallying the people in a return to their native land after seventy years of exile; and Nehemiah, who led in the work of restoration and the rebuilding of the temple; and Ezra, who rediscovered the long-lost book of the laws; and others equally worthy.

"The records of their deeds is put down in a series of books that make up a very extensive library.

"Leaving this building, we come to another," and the monk indicated a second X. "This is the building of Dramatic Art. Here a great drama is being given. The curtain rises upon a scene of peace. The children of Job have come together to celebrate a birthday. Suddenly the sky darkens as a storm sweeps over the earth. In a stroke, the house is swept from its moorings and the children perish. Thus bereaved, Job is left standing alone. A messenger rushes in to say that a company of thieves from across the border have carried away the flocks and the land has been despoiled. Broken in health, impoverished, desolate, Job is

now chided by three old friends who insist that the calamity is due to some secret sin. 'The vengeance of God has overtaken a wrong-doer,' they say. Together, they discuss such questions as 'Why does a righteous God allow suffering to come upon a good man?' Through it all, Job maintains his faith in God, and in the end is restored to health and power. The text of the drama is preserved in what is known as the Book of Job.

"The next is the Hall of Music. Here is a leader of men. As a boy, he was a shepherd. Now he is the Singer of Songs! David! He commands a host! At his word, four thousand voices blend in symphony. Softly, and in rhythmic peacefulness, they chant:

"'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.'

They are called the Book of Psalms.

"Now," said the monk, "we come to this plain building," indicating the fourth X on the diagram. "It is the School of Commerce. Here is Solomon. Out of his own experience, he has gathered for us the words of wisdom of the marts. These are preserved in a book called the Book of Proverbs.

"Now to the chapel! Here, preachers hold their high discourse. The volumes in which these addresses are preserved are called Ruth, Esther and Ecclesiastes.

"Leaving the chapel and stairs, we come to the

Place of Stars. Here are the seers. Isaiah proclaims the majesty of God. In the Heavens, Jeremiah sees the rise of a greater king! Ezekiel reads the new order that follows God's commands. Daniel shows the destiny of Empires. These books are called the Books of the Prophets.

"The other day," the monk continued, "you asked me about this enchanted island, to know where you were.

"This, my son, is the Island of Patmos. This is St. John Monastery. To this place, the Beloved Disciple was banished. Here, mark you, John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, was seen. Here, was his vision of the City from Heaven, lighted with the presence of God, the abode for His happy people.

"John was the last of the Apostles," the monk continued. "In his latter days, he told the story of his life with our Master. These sayings were heard and recorded by the men who heard him. So also wrote Matthew, Mark and Luke. Peter and Paul and others wrote letters telling their experiences and the truths the Master taught. These writings were prized by those who had them. They were exchanged by groups of Christians to whom they were written, and read when they came together to worship."

The monk now seated himself at the table, and taking up the parchment on which he had drawn the quadrangle, said, "We must finish our pilgrim-

age. Here stands the Palace of Art. Here are four great artists at work. Matthew portrays his Master—the Messiah of the Jews: to Mark, He is the Man of Action: Luke knows Him as Friend and Teacher: John paints Him as Reason; for the background we have the gleaming threshold of eternity. Each artist supplements the other. These teachings of the Master are the Gospels.

"Here is the Hall of Epistles—the Correspondence School. From this building, letters are sent to the various groups who believed.

"And this building," said the monk, pointing to an X, "is the Hall where degrees are conferred. These fall in an unusual manner; to one, for draught of Love in the name of the Master; to another, the honour is given with the words—'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these'; while still another receives his award with 'Thou hast been faithful.'

"You see," the monk added, "the Bible is not a book, but a collection. And it is pitiful to think how little people know of this greatest collection of books the world has ever known. It is real! Its teachings fit our need! Never will they lose their hold on the heart and brain of men. And for all the world of men may write and say from now to eternity, never will a clearer revelation of duty be given it than lives in the words—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself,' 'For God so loved

the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life,' 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'"

Quinn started. "When is a man a Christian?" he asked in impulse no longer to be controlled.

"When he turns to Christ," explained the monk. "When he feels, in his being, a desire to do his best. When he knows that the world goes from him in a dream of horror, if he does not find himself. When a wish for brotherhood assails him and will not be put down. When oneness with the spirit of God, which is Christ, will satisfy him and nothing else, then he is ready to become a Christian."

Thus, far into the night, Quinn and the monk talked. There was no hesitation, no embarrassment. Quinn remembered to have longed for an opportunity to speak with some one, and when the monk arose to go to his room and said, "You have still to see the most wonderful thing on our island," Quinn thrilled. "Yes," the monk replied, in answer to Quinn's inquiring look, "I will show it to you and tell you about it, but now I bid you good-night, my son."

"Good-night," Quinn answered, the spell of the monk's spirit still upon him.

XII

A CAMP FORUM

ONCE a week Creighton conducted an open forum. The men assembled in a large hut that was used as a recreation room. At one end, beside the fireplace, was a piano, and from the other end of the hut a moving picture machine threw pictures on the screen that was strung across the back of the stage. Along the sides of the room and around the fireplace were tables with books and writing materials. Just above the stage were the words:

OUR SLOGAN
For Human Welfare
Where Patriots, Freeman, Brothers Meet
Count Me One

No gathering of the men was more popular or more largely attended than the forum. Generally a good movie reel was run through. This was followed with a "sing," in which the words of popular songs were thrown upon the screen. Sometimes an outside speaker was brought in to speak twenty minutes, then in the open meeting that followed, the men spoke and asked questions. There were many well-informed men in the camp,

and any speaker who dealt in generalities without having facts to verify his statements was sure to get himself into trouble.

One evening as the men came into the hut, they were given a slip of paper on which three questions had been printed. "These questions," said the folder, "will form the basis of the evening's discussion." The questions were:

"1. What do you most want?
2. What is the cause of the tragedy of life?
3. Who is educated?"

"All right, men," said Creighton, after the preliminaries were over. "What interest, if any, have we in these questions? How do they affect us? A matter comes to be a very big matter if it is your matter. When things touch us, they become important. Your wedding day, if you ever had one, was a circumstance worth talking about. Your birthday is a big day in the calendar. Let us take up the questions in order. 'What do you most want?'"

"Money," answered one of the men.

"Health," replied another.

"I want to be happy," said a third.

"Success," responded a fourth.

"Power," said another.

"Some men want office, and honour," still another said.

"Let us gather the answers together," said Creighton, after a pause. "Men want to be happy, and they think that health, wealth, honour, office, or power will make them happy. But the thing that would make one man happy, the other doesn't want. Every man must get the thing he wants, and he must get it when he wants it, and in the right way. This, he calls success because he thinks it will make him happy. Would it be true to say that success is the product of success methods, and that failure is the result of failure methods, and that success means not simply getting things, but real success means keeping yourself inspired?

"There are some men whom no one can get along with; they sulk. There are some men with whom a few people can get along; these get along with them because they cater to their whims. Then there are some men with whom everybody can get along; they can go the whole circle of class, creed, and nationality; these are the masters, the leaders of men. A man must be as big as the thing he wants. The point of attraction must be stronger than the thing attracted.

"Second question:" Creighton exclaimed. "'What is it that causes the tragedy of life?' This question, I take it, does not refer to the troubles that bad men get themselves into. It refers rather to the friction, the sorrow, the disappointments, that come into the lives of just such

men as we are. What is it that causes this tragedy?"

"Not getting a square deal," shouted one of the men from the rear.

"Ignorance," said another.

"Misfits," replied a third.

"Poverty," exclaimed a fourth.

"Oppression," said a man with a loud voice.

"I do not know how it is with you," Creighton said, filling in a pause, "but my observations lead me to conclude that most of the tragedy of life comes from what one of our friends has called 'misfits.' A square peg in a round hole, a round peg in a square hole. A man doing something for which he is not fitted, spending his days on a job in which he has no interest, working at a thing that doesn't capture his imagination, going through the day in a wooden way, dead on his feet, on a job that doesn't get him.

"Here's a man, for example, who loves out-of-doors work. He is a rancher. He loves to get up at four in the morning and go out and milk thirty or forty cows before breakfast."

"Hooray!" interrupted a sturdy young fellow. "That's me!"

"He knows how to rotate crops," Creighton continued, without heeding the interruption, "he analyzes the mineral elements of the soil, he likes to see things grow, he fits into his job, and he is happy. But you men in the drafting room would

starve to death on a farm, and the farmer would feel like a sardine in a box in your department. The photographer who is taking the pictures of our work for a movie reel belongs to an entirely different class. He sees the beauty of the scenery that is back of the practical work we are doing, and the pictures will entertain and inform those who see them.

"Get the thing that fills your heart, then go to it, then stay by it, and there won't be much trouble. When you find a man who enjoys his work, you will always find a happy man. He doesn't want the other man's job, nor the other man's pay, nor the other man's pull, nor the other man's anything.

"Third question: 'Who is educated?' All right, men, what about it? Is the human mind averse to learning? Are people anxious to know? Have men a desire for knowledge? Who is educated?"

"The man who has the facts," answered one.

"The man who can tell what he knows," replied another.

"The man who has travelled," said a third.

"The man who has a diploma," replied a fourth.

"The man who knows men," said the next.

"The man who can think a thing out for himself."

Thus, the replies came from every part of the hut.

"Let us gather the replies together and see what we have," said Creighton. "'Education,' it has been said, 'is the process of making up the discrepancy between the child at his birth and the man as he will need to be.' How are you going to make up that discrepancy? Did your school days do it?"

"No! No!" shouted several of the men in unison.

"The trouble with my school days, as I recall them, was the forced, unnatural order of things. I was restless, impatient and indifferent before the work began. The very thought of school made me rebellious. The majority of children in our cities haven't an idea, for example, where the food they eat comes from. People in cities live from cans; their chief tool is the can-opener. These children should be given some practical education. They ought to be taught to be producers.

"When the average man thinks of culture, he thinks of something impractical. Of course he is wrong, and yet he is justified in thinking of culture in that way because many so-called cultured people are ignorant of the practical concerns of life. Culture is the thing which, if a man thinks he has it, he hasn't! If a man has travelled, met people, read books, and reflected, he is cultured. Culture is self-improvement!

"One of the men said that 'a man who had a diploma was educated.' If a man has a diploma or a degree from an accredited institution, it means that he has done a certain amount of work reasonably well. But we might as well be honest about it, for everybody knows it's true. There are thousands of men all over our country who have diplomas, and if their diplomas were written as they should be, they would read—'This is a receipt for a four years' board bill which his father paid for him while he was away from home.' Such men are not fitted for anything. They lack determination.

"Education means the ability to dig, and they can't dig. If you want the facts, you have to dig for them. If you want a vocabulary, you have to dig for it. If you want a good name, you have to dig for it. If you want anything that makes life self-respecting, you must dig for it. We're useful or useless, liked or disliked, just as we dig for ourselves. I call that glorious!

"Education means getting at the truth. Truth is right relationship. Get the right relationship to fire, and it will warm you and cook your food; get the wrong relationship to fire and it will burn you. Get the right relationship to water and it will cleanse you and quench your thirst; get the wrong relationship to water and it will drown you. Get the right relationship to electricity and it will change your darkness into daylight, send your car

spinning across the country, and turn the wheels of commerce; get the wrong relationship to electricity, it will kill you.

"Now for the forum," said Creighton. "What have you to say?"

"I like your talk, Mr. Creighton," said a man as he stepped to the platform. "I like the way you sum things up. You didn't talk down to us, and you didn't hand us any sob stuff, but it seems to me that you didn't go far enough. It's a crime in a day like this to look back, and it's commonplace to stand still. We've got to go forward. We've got to shake off the yoke of economic bondage, break through the narrow limits of conventionality, and tear away the bands of superstition with which the spirit of man is being bound. Think of the poor devils in the cities! What do they get out of life? I don't care if it is their fault: they're not bad, they're just weak, and anyway, they're human beings. Think of the children shivering on the edge of want, living like second-hand junk peddlers. It's a miserable existence, I tell you. Do you call that a democracy?"

"I'm not ready to answer the question of our friend," said one of the men, coming forward. "People are learning, not from books, nor from the politicians, but from their own experience, that there must be a new accounting of the means of production and distribution. We've got to make a new definition of what we mean by 'capital.' Up

to now, wealth used to assist in production is called capital; money employed in trade is called capital. But ability to work is also capital; personal power is capital. Up to the present time, great organizations have controlled the output and the distribution of the means of life. These organizations must be taken out of the hands of the few, and placed in the hands of the government, to administer them for the good of the whole population. We wouldn't think of turning over to a private corporation a contract to manufacture the postage stamps and the post-cards that are used in the post-office department. We would never think of letting a private corporation print our greenbacks, nor mint our gold and silver and copper money. The government coins the money, prints the stamps and the post-cards, and controls the delivery of the mail. Because of this, we can send a letter anywhere in the United States for two cents. How much do you think it would cost to send that same letter if it were carried by a private corporation?

"Now, if it is a good thing to have the government deliver the letters, why isn't it an equally good thing to have the government deliver the telegrams? And why isn't it a good thing to have the telephone exchange and the telegraph office in the same building with the post-office, and under one management? They are all common carriers, and if it is a good thing to have one under govern-

ment control, why isn't it an equally good thing to have them all under government control? The reason why they are not under government control isn't a good reason. The coal under the ground is locked-up sunlight; we take it out and burn it, we release the sunlight and keep comfortable. There is no more reason why the sunlight under the ground should be controlled by a private corporation than that the sunlight that comes with the dawn should be in the hands of a private corporation. If some men had their way, they would put a meter on every sunbeam that strikes the earth, and charge you for it. We now have the rural free delivery. Why can't the parcel post handle all of the express business just as well as fifty per cent. of it? There are eight trunk lines crossing the country, all of them common carriers; it is possible for these eight lines to be managed far better under one control than under the present competitive system. Why not have a Secretary of Railroads and Transportation in the President's cabinet? Oh, I know you're saying it can't be done. If any man tells you it can't be done, ask him who built the railroad in Alaska, ask him who put through the biggest engineering project on this planet. Uncle Sam put his foot on a spade and dug the Panama Canal; he spent four hundred millions of dollars, without a penny of graft or a whisper of scandal. You ask what men most want? This is what they want."

As the speaker took his seat, a man known throughout the camp as "the Judge," came to the platform. After the applause had subsided, he said:

"The gentleman who has just spoken made a very fine plea for government control. He wants the seats cushioned, the springs oiled, shock absorbers, the tires inflated, the roads macadamized, and when this is done he will want predigested food, ask the government to take care of us, and the result of that kind of paternalism will be a banana civilization without pep or individual initiative. I hate to see intelligent men doing all they can to put a premium on mediocrity. It isn't honest. It's like comparing the desire to grow rich with the enterprise of picking a man's pocket. The state has always been the instrument of robbery, the organ of oppression. That is why governments are mistrusted and rulers hated. We have in our country a rough-hewn idealism. It is the incentive to every man to do his best. This joy of putting the thing over and the assurance of a substantial reward for successful achievement has been our salvation; it has made us great.

"Our friend talks about coöperation, but as he conceives it, it is all 'co' and no 'operation.' In a democracy, a man is limited only by his native ability and his willingness to work. Take away the just rewards of personal ability and individual effort, and you cut the nerve of all endeavour and

initiative. It is better to have a government chosen by all the people to execute their wishes, and thus set the individual free to make the most of himself, while all work together to realize the common ideals of a coöperative brotherhood."

Long before he reached the platform, the next man began by saying:

"I have seen a bunch of newsboys huddled together over the grate above the boiler room, their arms and legs intertwined like a pile of angleworms. I have seen girls at work in an overall factory, making three blouses a day and earning forty-five cents. I have seen mines explode with astonishing regularity. But I read the speeches of some of our great orators, and it is all milk and honey and wine and wind; there is no hint or allusion that there is grief or poverty anywhere. Now, no man can consider these things without recognizing the truth of the terrible indictment that can be brought against the economic situation that exists in our land, and for that matter, all over the world."

The man concluded his speech as abruptly as he had begun. Some moments elapsed before another one of the men volunteered to take up the discussion. Presently a man by the name of Methune walked slowly down the aisle. He was known throughout the camp as the man who could cut trees as clean as a beaver, throw his tree over the stump in any direction he chose; and because

he "delivered the goods," commanded respect from all the men.

"I'm not so sure that I can tell you what is in my mind," he said. "When I went to school as a boy, I had no interest whatever in my studies. When I came West and located a government claim, I couldn't figure how much lumber it would take to fence in an acre of ground or build a corn crib. I didn't know what kind of farm crops went with different kinds of stock. I could not, in any way, relate the studies of my school days to my work on the farm. I had to begin all over again. But I can't see why we should think of the universe as being exhausted. We common people are not degenerates. Deep down in our hearts, below our surface differences, every man believes in the great ideals of liberty, justice, fraternity and equality. All that we want, all that we insist upon is that the claims of the individual shall be put above the rights of property. You ask, who is educated? I'll tell you. Any man who can make us see the high destiny to which we are called, and who can point out that destiny so clearly that all men will see it and be willing to push their interests to make that destiny more than a dream, that man is educated, and as for the rest of us, we are ready to go to school to him."

"Something has been said," remarked a man, coming to the platform, "about working on a job that gets you and going after the thing that

fills your heart. That's a good idea, only it won't work. In every job, there are a lot of things that simply have to be done which do not capture one's imagination. I suppose the average woman doesn't just bubble over with enthusiasm in washing dishes three times a day: nevertheless, she does it because it is a necessary part of home life. The sewers of the world have to be dug: but I don't suppose that it is all poetry to the men who do the work. The fact is that the man who never does anything he doesn't like, never likes anything he does."

"And another thing was said," remarked a tall, well-built man with an intelligent face, "that listens good, but, as my friend Cornell has just said, 'it won't work.' The statement has been made that a man can do anything he wants to do if he works according to the laws of success, the inference being that if a man only puts energy enough into the thing he undertakes, the returns will be unlimited. That is true only up to a certain point, and if we are not careful, we are going to get in wrong. Let me show you what I mean. If you sow a half bushel of wheat to the acre, you will reap five bushels; if you sow one bushel of wheat to the acre, you will reap ten bushels; if you sow two bushels of wheat to the acre, you will reap twenty bushels; but it does not follow that if you sow four bushels of wheat to the acre, you will reap forty bushels; and it's a sure thing that if you

sow twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, you will get no harvest at all.

"I am an engineer. I know that if you burn five tons of coal you can get thirty miles an hour out of your engine, but it isn't sure that by burning ten tons you'll get sixty miles an hour out of her. Up to a certain point, the returns increase in proportion to the amount of energy and materials that you put into your enterprise, but at a certain point you meet a condition in which the returns begin to diminish. You work according to what is called the law of proportionate increase, and also the law of diminishing returns.

"We are putting more into life in every line than men did fifty years ago, but I am not so sure that the output is correspondingly great. We are wearing better clothes; we are eating more expensive food; but men are dying, notwithstanding all this. The houses we live in cost more, the rooms are larger, better equipped; but I am not so sure that we have happier homes, and have more of that something that holds the family together than they had in the days of log cabin ventilation. Our school buildings are the finest that have ever been erected, the equipment perfect, and we are constantly adding to the list of studies. Modern education costs more, and we are all of us willing that it should; but are we getting the men and the women whose added efficiency is worth the added cost? I have ridden in an ox-cart, and in an auto-

mobile; I have gone over the old corduroy road and the new macadamized boulevard; I have travelled in a prairie schooner, and in the cab of the engine of the Overland Limited, and I know that no system, no equipment will work itself. It has to be worked, and it is team work that counts. We have got to develop that sense of fair-mindedness that will enable us to work together harmoniously. The biggest job we have is to produce the type of man who is fit to stand as a representative of what democracy can be, and what it ought to do. And when all is said and done, you still have to reckon with the most important element of the whole problem, namely—the element of human nature."

As the last speaker resumed his seat, the men in the center of the room were compelled to give enforced attention to an impromptu dialogue between Swen and one of the men. Something had been said that displeased the man; he was growling out his discontent and muttering protests to the effect that the boss was in on the graft with the old gang, and that the men were being kept in line by a lot of bunk.

Swen was on his feet in an instant. He challenged the man either to prove his statements or eat his words. He had not thought of speaking, but as the men called "Platform! Platform!" he bounded to the front and delivered a speech that was a marvellous piece of crude eloquence. He

pounded the table with his fists as he upheld the honour of the camp; he ran his fingers through his hair as he declared himself ready to meet all comers in defense of the good name and sincere purposes of the chief. He brought down the house as he exclaimed, "Yu talk about a gude time. Ay ban looking for a gude time just so sharp like those coon fallers vot vait on yu in big hotels look for tips, an ay tel yu it ban rank." His oratory gave life to the pockets of his trousers into which he jammed his fists in imitation of the methods of the lazy rich whom he denounced. "If ve turn gude trick for dese rich loafers ve make for dem plenty vood to cut. If ve ban vise, ve ban taking a flyer into camp of dese har rich guys vat ain't vork, an see how da lak eating beans, an be put on bum an get plenty gude hard raps, an smile for chance tu sveat an freeze." The chairs on the platform moved about as he lifted them from place to place, indicating the changes that ought to come as he exclaimed, "Ay ban up in voods a whole vinter sawing, chopping, freezing, sveating, vorking—an for vat! For get grub an saxteen dollar, an be called a gude faller. Gude fallers ban mostly getting it gude in neck." He scoffed at the proffered condescension of women who play at social betterment and "go tu teater an vatch villian slip in true vindow, an vait tu see how it come out, an cry over hard luck uf pepul, an go home an tink how much da do for uplift of hu-

manity. Piffle!" he shouted in utter disgust. But everything was tame by comparison when, lifting his finger high above his head, he exclaimed, "If yu never suffer yourself—yu don't know. If yu have suffer—yu do know. Vat's use tu talk!" Swen then resumed his seat, amid great applause.

It was far and away the most effective speech of the evening. The men sat breathless, as he looked into their eyes and voiced their common hopes, fears and longings. He put into words what they themselves had felt. He reached their hearts because he talked straight out of his inmost soul.

Beth and Jean who, along with Duke, had been listening, were spellbound. They knew Swen was loyal to Creighton, and when he declared himself ready to defend the chief, as he called Creighton, they vigorously applauded his challenge. But this was not all! There was something back of it that made them wonder and rejoice. These thoughts they shared in common, but not one of them spoke a word. There was a long, profound silence, then a man arose and said:

"When I was a boy, they told me that public speaking was having something to say, and saying it. On that ground, I have no right to speak. I am glad that we are having these issues discussed. We haven't reached the solution, but we are on the way. What is needed, as I see it, is not simply

a political, but an industrial, an educational, and a spiritual democracy, a democracy of real brotherhood. If that is what we want, then it's up to us to play the game. Star stunts won't do it. Getting applause from the bleachers by posing in the spotlight never won a pennant. Some of you men came from New England stock, a good ancestry, none better. But what did your forefathers believe? Less than three hundred years ago, they believed in witchcraft. They believed if a woman was accused of being a witch, she could prove her innocence by walking over hot plates; if she burned her feet, she was guilty.

"There was a time when men believed in cannibalism. Only sixty years ago in the New Hebrides Islands, the chief and all of the people of his tribe were cannibals, eating human flesh.

"There was a time when men believed in duelling, and in the right of every man to carry concealed weapons. But they soon found that when a man carried a gun, he carried with him also a disposition to use it on the slightest provocation, and as a result, there is a law in every state which prohibits the carrying of concealed weapons.

"There was a time when men believed in slavery. Human beings were sold to the highest bidder, just as men to-day buy and sell horses and cattle. Now, try to make yourself believe in witchcraft, or cannibalism, or duelling, or slavery. You can't do it. But our fathers believed in these

things. Why can't you? Because new factors have been added to the problem, and the sum at the foot of the column is changed. The time is not far distant when, along with witchcraft, cannibalism, duelling and slavery, men will scrap the old competitive system that is to-day pushing the majority of our people over the brink of misery. We will leave it to the sun and wind to dissipate, along with other things that we have outgrown."

The next speaker was a newcomer. He had but recently arrived and was known to but very few of the men. He was the only sailor in the camp. As he came forward, he at once arrested the attention of the audience. He took his stand in front of the platform, modestly declining to ascend the steps. Looking first at Creighton, then at the men before him, he said, "I don't know much of what you men have been saying. I've had it put up to me in a different way. Human nature is all there is to it. Any system will work if people are right, and no system will work if people are wrong. When you've been one hundred and sixty-six days out of sight of land, you're not fit for much of anything on shore. All you see is people, and they look queer. Just being good seems tame. There is only one way to be good, and it's lonesome. There are so many ways in which you can cut loose, and it's more interesting. That's why a sailor on shore leave can raise hell in

seven different ways. My last trip was in an old tub. She was so rotten that when a big sea struck us, her seams opened and her royal mast that stood one hundred and eighty feet above water, went down across the wheel house, and splintered it to smithereens. A coaster picked us up. I've been a long time in the hospital. When I came out, all I had was my field-glass; I put that seven-guinea binocular in soak for three bucks; in two days that was gone. The men that sent the old scow out to sea got insurance on her and the cargo. We got a chance to risk our necks and go broke. One of the men said, 'If you're big enough, you can get along with anybody.' Maybe you can, but as I remember it, even Jesus Christ didn't make a hit with some people.

"I was weak and hungry. I sat down on the curb to get warm in the sun, and I went to sleep. A cop saw me and thought I was drunk. Just as he was going to run me in, a man came along and said, 'Kid, what's on your mind?'—just as if he had always known me. He sat down alongside of me, slipped me a ten-spot and said, 'Get yourself something to eat; then go up to the camp and I'll see you there.' The cop thought we were pals and beat it. I didn't know his name then, and I just half saw his face, but I'd know his voice among a million in a night as black as doom.

"This isn't my line. This work don't get me, but I'm getting stronger, and I'll soon be fit. It's

hard to do what you don't want to do and be cheerful about it. But anybody can crab, and a grouch don't get you anywhere. That's why I say human nature is the big thing. Just plain, straight, honest-to-God human nature.

"I've met men who pretended to be more religious than they were—hypocrites. And I've met men who talked as if they didn't believe in God or anything, until they got in a hole. I know that old stuff. When the chief gave me a lift and a job——" and the sailor paused and looked at Creighton; there was a break in his voice. "When the chief gave me a lift and a job," he continued, "I put it up to the Almighty to make me big enough to come through."

As the sailor concluded, a hush fell upon the audience. It had been a great hour and it had taken an unexpected turn in the tribute the sailor had paid the chief. The men joined in singing "America," as was their custom, then quietly disbanded.

After the meeting had adjourned, Jean remained at the piano where she had played the accompaniment for the song. The sailor's story had moved her gently. As she lifted her eyes, she saw him standing beside the fireplace, and she heard one of the men ask, "What was the name of that boat you were telling us about?"

"The *Norman*," she heard the sailor reply. "It was a rotten deal. She wasn't fit to go to sea.

But Captain Knight played the game on the square. He stayed aboard and went down."

At the mention of the word "*Norman*" it seemed to Jean that her heart stopped. She seemed to be slipping away into unconsciousness. Here was a man who had sailed with Quinn, and who could tell her about him.

"Did I know him!" the sailor repeated in answer to her eager inquiry. "I should say yes! Look at this!" and he held up his right hand and disclosed a scar that ran across the wrist and up on the thumb. "Got caught in a pulley. Some doctors would have cut the hand off, but he saved it for me, and it's as good as ever. I owe that good right hand to him; it's a neat job, isn't it? The last time I saw him, he was on the bridge—with the Captain. And—say ——!

"Did you know him?" the sailor asked, turning to Jean. "If you did—well, I'll just say this—he was on the level!"

XIII

A MASTERPIECE

THE influence of the monk increased for Quinn with the passing days. His candour, modesty, well-balanced judgment, learning and the gentleness of his spirit made him a rare companion. The monk's attitude—of instructing him as if he were a comparatively ignorant, but promising student—Quinn easily forgave; the familiar facts were stated from a view-point quite unusual, and with a philosophy that was bracing and binding! With the other dwellers of the monastery, however, Quinn had little in common; of late, he shunned them. "I don't like the way they use their time," he remarked to his friend, as he watched a procession of the monks. "They may be holy, but they are not human. The record says that children loved Jesus. I can't imagine a happy child in such company as this! Lord! If I could organize a rooter's club, I'd give five years of my life to be their yell-leader!" Involuntarily, Quinn closed his fists. In imagination, the bleachers rose before him, and he seemed once more ready to lead the yell.

"A rooter's club is a good thing, my son," the

monk replied, "but with the best of intentions, a man can't stay in early youth forever. In due time, in spite of him, he graduates. It is good to have been young in youth, but it is good, as well, to grow older. With the years, our affections grounded in experience guide us even better than we know. As I see it, it makes little difference whether a man applauds or approves in silence; the chief thing is to maintain an interest in the things that keep us young, and are worthy of our efforts."

"You don't mean to say that the only alternative of a rooter's club is a monastery!" Quinn laughed. "They are dying for a shout; they've forgotten the muscles in their throats!"

"No, my son, life isn't a monastery or a club, but there is such a thing as artistic and spiritual contact as well as social and athletic! You yourself have an equal fondness for a scalpel and a dictionary. Dante, the greatest poet of the middle ages, was no inmate of a monastery, but he tells us that he spent his years on the stairs of others, eating bread savoured with tears. During his time of wandering, he visited monasteries. There he met the choice spirits of his time. With the monks he discussed theology and philosophy. He is generally admitted to have been the best informed man of his day. It was Dante, the poet—not a king or a general—who led the world out of the torpor of the middle ages. But why tell a linguist all this?

"You see, my son," he said, stroking a volume which he held in his hand, "the outward garb of civilization changes, but the universal elements, the things that are the property of no age or country, these abide. A few books live and endure—will live and endure, because they possess a potency! A potency that thrilled the reader of bygone centuries —and thrills him to the heart again to-day. To spend an hour with a great soul that has meditated, and felt the wonder of life, experienced the throbbings of the human heart; to behold him coming up out of the valley of shadows with the light of other worlds falling across his countenance, and to listen to him as he fearlessly shakes out his heart; that, my son, is an experience not to be exchanged for anything else in the whole round world. I have spent many a happy hour reading my Dante," said the monk, and he opened his copy of the Divine Comedy.

"Often as I have turned the pages, pondering his noble speech, filling my mind with his words of wisdom and beauty, reading over and over again his lines of comfort, I seemed to thrill with longing. I shall hunt for him, my son, in Paradise, and for his goodness thank him from my heart!"

"I always think of the Divine Comedy as one of the books which everybody praises and nobody reads," Quinn replied. "Dabbling in languages as I do, I have found it an interesting collection

of words, and in these I've not gone beyond the first book, but of course, he would be a brave man who would find fault with it, even if he wanted to!"

The monk smiled, as was his custom when listening to Quinn's answers. "Come with me into the gallery," he said. "One of our Brothers has illustrated Dante's poem in a series of paintings. I want you to see them," and the monk led the way into a narrow room back of the chapel. It was lighted from above; the walls were lined with the paintings. Seated in the center of the room, the monk pointed to a portrait and said, "That, my son, is a portrait of Virgil. To Dante, Virgil, you will know, represented the authority of Imperial Rome. In his poem, he pictures himself as lost in a forest; Virgil comes to his rescue and tells Dante that Beatrice in Heaven cares for him and, at her wish, he has come to guide him to the heights; but first, he must look back on the results of sin. They pass through a gloomy forest, cross a river, and find themselves at the rim of a crater that extends in nine great circles to the center of the earth. Through these they journey together. In this entire Inferno, evil reigns. Its sounds are all of woe.

"As they emerge, Virgil leads Dante to an Island of Seven Terraces. The way from one ledge to another is difficult, and the path so narrow they must journey up alone. Dante is so ex-

hausted that he falters. But on each ledge an angel meets him and brushes a letter from his forehead. It is the symbol of the deadly sins of which they who scale the mountain are cleansed. The angel fingers touch his forehead. Each time they hear a distant chant. Here, there is singing. All souls are helpful. They hear the songs of birds and smell sweet flowers. The mountain is called Purgatory.

"But the best of the poem is the Paradise. In Paradise, those are together, who had, on earth, like sufferings, joys and aspirations, though all are free to journey through the whole realm of the blessed. Here, Virgil leaves and Beatrice takes his place.

"See the artist's portrait of Beatrice, who guides Dante through the Paradise," cried the monk. "First, they journey to the moon where those souls dwell who have taken vows and have, like the fickle moon, forgotten them. Then they visit Mercury, the Heaven of those who have worked for God. Onward, they go to Venus, where generous souls and patriots abide. Thence, to the sun where are the spirits of philosophers whose teachings enlightened mankind. In Mars are the martyrs and the crusaders who fought and died for their faith. In Jupiter are just judges. In Saturn are the contemplative, with a ladder between Earth and Heaven, but only those who contemplate can see it. In the fixed stars are the

heroes and saints of holy writ. From there, they go to the Heaven of the angelic host. Here is a great white rose, and in its center is the Throne of God."

"What is your interpretation?" Quinn interposed.

"Poets, my son," replied the monk, "are like lovers. They say things, they don't mean them. The poem finds him. Wherever he goes, it haunts him, and at last he catches its music and out of his heart comes a song, and he sings it for the joy of singing. The same is true of music. Ask any number of people how a given song affects them. Some will tell you they are thrilled, some are lulled, some shudder, some rejoice; with some, the enjoyment is physical; with others, intellectual; in others, there is awakened a sense of exaltation, they are eager to do great deeds, imagination is stimulated, they are lifted into ecstasies, while others feel their teeth on edge, and long to clutch at something. Now, the composer did not say, 'This will thrill them; this will lull them; this will cause them to shudder; this will charm them; this will produce an indescribable sensation.' We do not ask what is meant by the melody in the song of a bird or the murmur in a brook. The way these affect us depends upon ourselves and upon our own experiences.

"But if you want something with a real meaning, here it is," and pointing to a painting, the

monk said, "This is the artist's picture of the mountain of Purgatory. Look at that company of laggards at the foot. There is one sitting with his back against the wall, his legs drawn up, his arms encircling them, and his chin resting on his knees; every part of his body in repose—the embodiment of laziness. Climbing requires effort. These are the men who do not wish to climb; they are satisfied to remain at the foot. There will always be men who might have been rich or learned, or great, but they never rise an inch above the common stature, just for the want of one heroic act of the will."

"As I think of the story," Quinn replied, "Dante loved a woman he couldn't marry and married a woman he couldn't love, and then lapsed into the non-poetic state of uncongenial matrimony, and because his own home was prosy, he made up for it by writing poetry. I grant you that he was a genius. I suppose you would say that's the genius of it."

"His poem was written as a tribute to the woman he loved," replied the monk. "After the death of Beatrice, he tells us he had a vision. 'I saw things,' he says, 'which made me resolve to say no more of this blessed one until I can speak of her worthily.' Since the world has been a worthy dwelling for Beatrice, it is worthy his best endeavour. Beatrice was no mere woman, she was the woman he loved, and he records a vow to

write such things of her as had never before been written of any woman since the world began. This was the source of his inspiration during all the years of his wandering, during all the weary days of his tribulation."

"He was a prior in Florence, wasn't he?" Quinn asked. "And exiled for misappropriating the public funds; Florence lost a good official, but the world gained a singer. That's the idea, isn't it?"

Again the monk smiled. Then he began pacing to and fro. "After Dante became renowned," he said, "they issued a proclamation, inviting him to return to Florence on condition that he do penance and make public confession. But he defied them; he trampled under foot their overtures, and scornfully rejected their proposals. I can almost hear him call ——" and the monk, with graceful gesture and stirring voice, was Dante for the moment, as he exclaimed, "'No! No! This is not the way of my return to my country. If no path leads back to Florence which hurts not fame nor honour, then will I never reach Florence more. Must I make me inglorious and shameful in the eyes of all the people? Can I not gaze upon the sun and stars wherever I am? Can I not ponder on the sweetest of truths wherever I may be under the heavens? Your city is but a lentil seed upon the earth. No! I go not thus to Florence—not even for my life.'"

"Good!" Quinn exclaimed. "Fighting for justice!"

"Strange, isn't it, my son, that the world's teachers are so often driven into exile, compelled to wander through inhospitable lands? I remember the time when I wanted to endow the poets to free them to produce better and more memorable work. But if this were best, then we ought to find our poets among the rich! On the contrary, they have come from poor circumstances, where mere bread getting is difficult. There is no denying the fact that in proportion as life is easy for the average man, his manhood is retarded. The less need there is for work the more likely is a man to waste his talents. The best way to kill genius is to pension it. Oblivion is the penalty of great wealth."

"We eulogize poverty in song and speech," said Quinn, "but the men you speak of were well-to-do. Poverty, in itself, as I see it, is not a thing to be desired. It means limitation. Money means opportunity, travel, comfort, life."

"So it seems, my son, but when you consider the leaders, you find that they come from the cabin, or the crofter's cottage, from exile, or from the wilderness. Advantage lies in having no advantage! Success is the prize for fighting a handicap. Bare feet climb up, and polished boots slip down. In the cradle of hardship, and in the school of adversity, genius has reared her greatest children.

Think of Moses, the child of a slave; of David, the shepherd; of Peter, the fisherman; of Paul, the tentmaker; of Luther, the miner's son; of Bunyan, the tinker; of Cary, the cobbler; of Livingstone, the weaver; of Burns, the crofter's child; of Copernicus, the baker's boy; of Shakespeare and Defoe, the sons of butchers; of Munkacsy, who painted 'Christ before Pilate'; of Garfield, the canal boy; of Grant, the tanner; and of Lincoln. Think of the weary line of writers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, artisans, so poor that they had to warm their bare feet on that spot in the pasture where the cows had slept! So penniless they had to walk from farm to city! So great that their souls are the ornaments of history!

"You see, the simple things are the great things. There are only seven notes in our scale of music, seven strands in the rainbow. Men take these seven notes and weave them into an immortal symphony, they blend the seven strands of the sunbeam into a great painting, they weave the twenty-six letters of the alphabet into an immortal song. But a man cannot always work up to his highest possibilities. You cannot always sing or play or speak or pray the way you sing, play, speak and pray sometimes. To do our best, the mood must be upon us. There are moments in which the great things in life stand out so clearly, blend in such perfect harmony in a poem, a painting, or a melody, that they face you with sublimity. The

greatest tribute that can be given such achievement is the tribute of silence. That is the perfect tribute of the human mind that the human heart experiences. The test of the masterpiece is its mastery of you. It belongs to all ages. It overlaps all boundaries. It is universal in its appeal."

XIV

FORCES THAT WIN

AS the men of the camp passed the hut going to and from the dining-room, they saw the following notice posted on the bulletin board:

To-night at 8 o'clock
Dr. Dithmere Speaks.
Topic:
"FORCES THAT WIN"

It was Creighton's custom to invite men to talk who were specialists in their particular lines. In choosing the speakers, he always conferred with his men. He was immensely popular with them. Was it a piece of strategy on his part to build his influence over them as powerfully as possible? Did he have any lurking terror that his prison experience would some day confront him to his undoing? Did the thought of Warden Delaney and Fleck spur him on? Hardly that! He was simple and direct. Possibly his observation in prison had deeply impressed him, however, with the fact that there were methods of dealing with men—

methods of putting the best things in their way—that would preserve them from going to where he had been. As he came into the hut with Dr. Dithmere, he was greeted with a round of applause. Without a formal introduction, he announced that Jean would sing; this she did in a way that delighted the men and put them in a good mood for the evening's address.

Then Creighton introduced the speaker. Dr. Dithmere was a man of striking appearance. He was tall, well-built, broad-shouldered; his hair was silvered, his eyes dark, his countenance radiant, his general demeanour that of quiet, yet cordial dignity. With the first sentence of his address, he was on good terms with his audience. His voice was rich and brilliant with many inflections. He could talk to men.

"I know what you are thinking about," he said, after the applause had subsided. "I never like to have an audience think that it can fool me. I want you to think with me, for I have no desire to waste the evening in talking at you."

Then suddenly he exclaimed, "What's the matter with the world, in commerce, statesmanship, education and religion? Men do not think. Oh, I know they think they think, but they only think they think. Oftentimes having listened to a speaker, we say to ourselves, 'I like to hear that man talk—he makes me think.' Or, in reading an author, we say, 'I like his books—he makes me

think.' Sometimes a young fellow, by way of self-excuse, exclaims, 'Well, I didn't think.' The old proverb has it, 'A penny for your thoughts,' but to-day they will give you a million dollars for an idea if you really have one.

"A young fellow came into the office of the managing editor of a metropolitan paper and applied for a position. 'What can you do?' asked the editor. 'Really, I do not know,' came the reply. 'You see I have nothing but ideas.' 'Nothing but ideas!' the editor exclaimed, springing to his feet. 'You're just the man we have been looking for. I tell you what I will do. I will give you fifty thousand dollars for an idea that will enable us to increase the circulation of our paper a hundred thousand copies.'

"I know a man who made a fortune out of so simple a thing as lacing up his shoes: a very simple thing under ordinary circumstances, but when the steel is off the end of one of the shoe laces and you try to put it through the eyelet, only to have it ball up on the wrong side, your traffic is blocked right there. And when you chew the end of that dirty old shoestring until the recuperation of a night's sleep is gone, you know that something should be done, but you only think about it in a muddled way and let it go. This man put four hooks on each side of a high top shoe, got a patent on it, and made a fortune.

"I know another man who made a fortune out

of so simple a thing as shining his shoes. The old kind of shine didn't last as long as you were rubbing it. This man mixed a little turpentine in the old kind of shoe-shine. He didn't crowd anybody to the wall, he just put out a superior article. The men who were making the old kind retired. Good for a fortune to the man who thought clearly about so simple a thing as shining shoes.

"I also know of a man who made a fortune by just putting a crimp in a piece of wire. He made a hook and eye that would stay put, and then advertised, 'See that hump!' That was all!

"A little while ago the sources of profit in the packing industry were two — meat and hides. Then the heads of the various departments began to think things through. 'We are throwing to the scrap-heap,' they said, 'materials that should be converted into cash.' One man said, 'We can grind up the bones for fertilizer.' Another said, 'The gristle can be used for plastering purposes, and the hair for mattresses.' Another said, 'We can prepare the blood, put it in stone jars; the women can take out half a teaspoonful, pour hot water on it and make beef tea.' Another said, 'I have analyzed the black scum that floats on the surface of the water, and I find that it contains the elements of finest glycerine.' Another said, 'In the scraps that we are throwing away, there is fat enough to make the best soap.' Still another said, 'Here are the horns and the hoofs. We can

make buttons out of some, glue out of some, and gelatine out of the rest.' Then they thought they had everything, but one day a man came in and said, 'The other day I went into the slaughtering pen with a sensitive cylinder. On it, I caught the squeal of the hogs. We can duplicate that cylinder and sell it.' This they did; and now as a consequence, they make money out of everything, from the gristle to the squeal, by thinking without confusion—clearly.

"The American Indian is the original American. He was the first owner of this great country. But he is no longer a factor in the life of our land because he didn't think. He saw only fish in the stream and wild game in the forest. And because he saw this, and only this, presently a man came along, planted seeds in the lowland, gathered in a harvest and made a fortune which the Indian overlooked. Another man came along, cut down trees, ripped them into lumber, and made a fortune which the Indian overlooked. Another came along, used the bark for tanning purposes, tanned the hides the Indians threw away, and made a fortune the Indians had overlooked. Another man came along, ground the twigs of the trees into pulp, changed them into paper, and made a fortune. Another dug down into the earth, discovered the coal, and made a fortune. Another changed the coal into coke. Another captured the gas that was escaping from the coke oven, mixed

it with water and wind, sold it for a dollar a thousand,—ten off for cash—and made several fortunes. Another man dug down into the earth and discovered the oil. Another man refined the oil. Another man changed the dirty scum into axle-grease and chewing gum, and made more fortunes than all the rest! Now these things were lying all around the Indian. They were saying, 'Here I am. Here I am. I am yours for the asking. Pick me up. Propose.' But he didn't propose to any one, or all of them, and so he got left all along the line.

"Men, listen to me!" Dr. Dithmere exclaimed, leaning over the edge of the platform, and looking them in the eye. "It would be the Beginning of Days with thousands of men all over the country if they would take themselves in hand, line themselves up, and think through to a finish the particular business that has been assigned them. People deceive themselves by thinking that they can get through on a bluff. They carry all of their goods in the show windows, having no stock on the shelf. They are supposed to know about land or wheat or cattle or leather or linen, but they do not. And when they are asked a question, they talk all around the subject instead of cleaving to the core, and giving you facts.

"I am going to read you a letter which Abraham Lincoln wrote to his brother. The letter is so thoroughly characteristic of the man and con-

tains such sound admonition that I am sure you will appreciate it. I hold in my hand the original, written by Lincoln's own hand; if any of you wish to see it at the close of this meeting, I shall be glad to show it to you. Listen!

"'DEAR JOHNSTON:—

"'Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little, you have said to me, "We can get along very well now," but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is, I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; and it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break this habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it easier than they can get out after they are in.

"'You are now in need of some ready money; and what I propose is, that you shall go to work, "tooth and nail," for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of things at home—prepare for a crop, and make the crop; and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe,

that you can get. And to secure you a fair reward for your labour, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of next May, get for your own labour either in money or in your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this, I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home, in Coles County. Now if you will do this, you will soon be out of debt, and what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out, next year you will be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in Heaven for $70 or $80. Then you value your place in Heaven very cheaply, for I am sure you can with the offer I make you get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say if I furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession—Nonsense! If you can't now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not now mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eight times eighty dollars to you.

"'Affectionately your brother,

"'A. LINCOLN.'"

The men were now thoroughly alive with interest. They had applauded each point of the ad-

dress, but as they listened to the reading of the Lincoln letter, a silence fell upon them. After an eloquent pause, Dr. Dithmere said:

"Now let us do some thinking. The human mind is a natural tramp, somebody has said. Let us see if we can command ourselves. Thus far, I have dealt with the individual. I am an individualist to begin with, but not an individualist all the way through; for where there are two, for *independence* you must write *interdependence*. If a man were alone on an island, like Robinson Crusoe, he might be independent; but we are not alone—we are members one of another. We live in an organized state of society. We inherit the harvest of others' planting. We reap what they have sown.

"I like Carleton and Riley, for they are close to the life of the average man. In one of his poems, Carleton gives us the picture of an old settler's reunion. They had asked the oldest pioneer to tell his story, and after setting forth the hardships and good-fellowship of bygone days, he continued, 'I remember one night I came home from work uncommon late. I was hungry and tired. Her supper struck me wrong. When I went out to milk, the cows had wandered from their feeding ground. In a fit of anger, I remonstrated with her. "Why didn't you keep the animals in view and drive them in? You've nothing else to do."

" ' The heft of all our life on me must fall,
And you just lie round and let me do it all.
That speech, it wasn't gone a half a minute
Before I saw the cold, black poison in it;
And I'd have given all I had and more
To have only gotten it safely back indoor.'

" Then he went on to relate how she had left and he had gone out in search of the cattle. During his absence, she returned. She put a little note on the table saying how sorry she was to have caused him the trouble—' she didn't mean to do so, she was sincerely sorry.' She wrote:

" 'A while ago I heard the tinkle of a bell,
And where they are, I think I nearly now can tell.'

Then she added this tragic sentence:

" 'So piece out with love the strength I somehow seem to lack,
And if you can, have a kind word for me when I come back.'

" That night, God spilled an awful storm down over the hills. It staggered into the valley like a blind Samson grappling at the roots of the world, and in the quick-gathering gloom that followed a flash of lightning, she made a misstep, fell to the foot of the ravine and with barely strength enough to crawl back, fell fainting, dying on the door-sill —the door-sill of which he, putting it in place, had said:

" ' When she crosses it, it will not be a log

cabin; her presence will make it the very anteroom of heaven.'

"All that night he was out in the storm calling her name, but the only answer was the thunder stumbling down the stairway of the skies, and when at last the gates of the morning were lifted and the orange splendours of the new day flooded the work, he came back from his vain search and found her—dead; and, worse than death—for there are some things worse than death—was the memory that his last words to her were a reproach.

"It's amazing," said the speaker, pausing and looking off into the distance, "it's amazing how a man will sometimes be a fool, away below himself, in the way in which he speaks to people whom he loves.

"Then the old settler forgot about the reunion. In imagination, he was away at the other end of fifty years, living over again the most tragic experiences of his life, and as his frail body trembled, in an agony of despair, he cried out:

"'Here I am, what everybody "well-to-do" would call,
But, oh, this night I'd give it all
If somehow I through fifty years could reach
And kill and bury that half-minute's speech.'

"Of course he would, but he couldn't. There are some things that you can't rub off the slate, more's the pity, once you write them there.

"Did you get that sentence on which the story hinges? Here it is—'Piece out with love the strength I somehow seem to lack.' How far would the best of us get any day of our lives if our friends were not constantly doing that for us?"

Beth noted Creighton's face as the speaker brought the story to its climax. There was a far-away look in his eyes, a mingled expression of hope and sorrow. As for Jean, she sat transfixed. There was a deep silence throughout the audience, the sure evidence that the speaker's words had found their way to the hearts of his hearers.

"Clear thinking is the first, and love the second element of the forces that win," continued the doctor, after a short pause. "Let me name a third. It is coöperation.

"The other day I saw a ball game. Individually, one team had far and away the best players; but they were playing ball as if the game could be played with one man. Of course they all knew it takes up nine men to make a team, but they were not playing ball that way. In the last half of the ninth, with one out, they had a man on first. The next man up was a man whose batting average for the season was over four hundred. I heard the captain say to him as he came to the plate, 'Now, George, forget it and play the game.' Now, any kid knows that to play the game under those circumstances was to put down a sacrifice bunt and advance the man from first to second;

but he wouldn't. He had his eye on the bleachers. He was going to be the hero of the day. He tried for a hit. The ball went straight to the mit of the short-stop who threw the ball to second; like a shot it was relayed to first, two men were out, and the chance to score and win the game was gone. Men, I know ball teams, lodges, clubs, churches, communities that, individually, are made up of fine people, but they are divided into cliques, and unless a project originates with their little set, or their chosen few, or their select minority, they are against it. It takes a big man to efface himself for the good of the cause. Your little man who, intellectually, is so small he has to stand on a shingle to look over a cob will never pull off a star stunt like that.

"There is one thing more of which I wish to speak. Into the life of the man who thinks clearly, who loves sincerely, and who coöperates with his fellows, you must put one more element, namely, the element of faith.

"The bee is the best house builder we know. He knows how to build the strongest house with the least material.

"The spider is the best bridge builder. He knows how to put in his guy ropes, stays and supports to make them stay put.

"The wasp is the original paper maker. He puts in oil enough to keep out rain, and asbestos enough to keep out the fire.

"The beaver is the best dam builder in the world. In the storm, his culverts do not wash out the way ours do.

"Now bring them together, the bee, the spider, the wasp, the beaver. Draw a circle around them. Can you give them any pointers? No, you cannot. You can take lessons from them, but you can't instruct them. They have arrived.

"Now break the circle and let man join them. Do you think the same concerning man? No, you do not. Why? Man knows that he has not arrived, he is in the way, and he says to himself that unless the whole universe is a jumble of contradictions, having arrived in the lower realm, to be consistent it must arrive in the higher realm also, and he says to himself, 'I am here now, I may be yonder to-morrow; I am on this shore to-day; I will soon be on another shore, but wherever I am, here or there, on this planet or another, I will not be on a foreign shore, never in a strange country; I will always be at home, ever in my Father's house, and I will trust in God while the eternities march over me, even as I trust Him now.

"These, my friends, are the four elements of the forces that win—thought, love, action, trust. They are the points of the compass by which we sail the seas of time, and when the boat's keel grates on the eternal shore and the eternal hills rise into view, we will land and march forevermore guided by these great principles."

The speaker was about to conclude, but the men cheered so lustily that it was evident they wished to hear him further. "Go on! Go on!" shouted a voice from the rear, and again the applause broke forth.

"Tell us more about Lincoln!" exclaimed the man, who was called "Judge."

At the mention of Lincoln's name, Dr. Dithmere's face lighted with a new enthusiasm, for he had personally known the great Commoner. "I would like to talk to you about Lincoln," he said, "but there isn't time. However, I will just tell you about the address I heard him give in Cooper Union. I was a young man just going to cast my first ballot for a president. I was a strong Seward man. Lincoln had been announced to speak in Cooper Union. I didn't want to go near him and I didn't want to hear him, but I went to please a friend. The building was packed to the roof. When Lincoln began speaking, there was a faint polite applause indicating curiosity and courtesy, but no enthusiasm. My first impression of the man was his height and awkwardness. He seemed to me to be the tallest man I had ever seen, at least seven feet tall. As he began to speak in an awkward way, I nudged my friend and said, 'That's your Lincoln. What do you think of him?' His awkwardness lasted ten minutes; then it disappeared. The inflection of his voice became mellow with fine feeling, and before we were

aware of it, he was playing with us as if we were children, all. Then his sentences became massive; each one resounded like an anvil blow, and for two hours of cumulative power he continued to speak and on each occasion when we thought he had reached the highest level it was possible to attain, he began anew and when he closed by saying, 'Let us have faith that right makes might, and in this faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it,' the audience, as one man, was lifted to its feet, calling, 'Lincoln! Lincoln! Lincoln!'

"Bryant, the poet editor of the *New York Post*, whom all New York loved, tried to speak, but the audience would not listen to him. Horace Greeley, then in his prime, tried to speak, but the audience kept on cheering, and when at last we moved out of the hall, Lincoln had every man's heart. I never saw an audience so completely in the hand of any man as Lincoln had that Cooper Union audience. We were in the grip of a giant; we knew it, we felt it, but the most wonderful thing about it all was the fact that we did not want him to let go.

"Now, in just a word, let me draw four pictures, then blend them into one, and I am done.

"First picture: His student's lamp is a saucer of lard with a rag hanging over the edge of it. His library is four books—Weem's Life of Washington, Æsop's Fables, the Bible, and a dictionary.

Whenever, in reading, he comes to a word too big for him, he opens the dictionary and breaks the word into smaller ones. He finds that words are like flowers—they have roots; and they are like people—they have relatives. He is acquiring the best vocabulary of simple, Saxon speech of any man of his day. He is thinking without confusion —clearly.

"Second picture: He has floated on a flatboat down the Ohio River, and on another flatboat down the Mississippi River, and he finds himself unexpectedly in a slave market in New Orleans, where they were selling people. On the auction block is a young woman eighteen years of age. She is uncommonly handsome. She is an octaroon, and because she has a slight trace of negro blood in her veins, she is doomed and damned to be sold on the auction block as a slave. He hears men bid, and finally he hears the auctioneer say, 'Sold for ten hundred and fifty dollars.' A man comes forward, puts down the money, and takes her away. She is his property. As this stranger looks on, he says to himself, 'That isn't right. If the universe is on the square, that isn't right. If the curse of Almighty God doesn't smite a business like that, then there isn't any such thing as the curse of Almighty God, and if ever I get a chance, I will hit that accursed thing and hit it hard.'

"Third picture: A great debate is on between two giant intellects. His is one of them. He

might vault into the United States Senate if he plays to the galleries, but he won't. He comes back again and again to this fundamental proposition—'A republic cannot permanently endure, half slave and half free.'

"Fourth picture: The time has come when the republic needs a leader. Not a Northern man, not a Southern man, not an Eastern man, not a Western man, but an American man with an Americanism as big as the whole American continent. God has been training him in his obscurity, and schooling him in the school of hard knocks. Blocks of hindrances he had changed into stepping stones of usefulness, and he had gone up the stairs of honour, into the temple of a noble and useful life, and now the nation, fixing its eye on him, says, 'Come, be our captain, guide for us the ship of state; the hold is full of slaves, the crew is in mutiny, and she is floundering water-logged in the broken waters of war.' And he answers the call, stands on the bridge, thinks, loves, acts, trusts, and guides the ship into the peaceful waters of a great world power, and then goes up to take a place imperishable among the men whose names were never meant to die. Star of first magnitude in the diadem of America's glory, he is known to all the world, but he is ours, first of all and forevermore—Abraham Lincoln.

"Sometimes you find a man who lives in the realm of the mental; he is clear and cold. Some-

times you find a man who lives in the realm of the emotional: there are two kinds of love; one sweetens the heart, one softens the brain. Sometimes you find a man who is all action; he is off on all kinds of drives. Sometimes you find a man who simply trusts—he is visionary. But when you find a man in whose life thinking, loving, acting and trusting are blended, you have the divine combustion we call—genius.

"I don't know what genius is. I only know there is such a thing. Sometimes when I think of genius, I think of a man who is eccentric. But not every odd mannerist who fools the public with self-made eccentricity is a genius. Sometimes I think genius is just knowing. It is knowing, but it isn't *just* knowing. I know a man who can speak, read and write correctly seven different languages, and he can't make a living in any one nor all of them. He has every faculty except the faculty of knowing how to use his faculties. He is a walking encyclopedia, stuffed full of facts, invisible six days and incomprehensible on the seventh. Sometimes I think genius is a state of mind that lives in realms altogether apart, among the stars. But it isn't the achievement of genius to fail in the practical world.

"Genius is sensitiveness of soul, the capacity for taking infinite pains, the ability to light your own fire, the unconscious wisdom of ignorance; it is nine-tenths work, it is power of initiative, it is

knowing when to do, and how. It is thinking, loving, acting, trusting, blended in due proportion.

"A genius in music will take the seven notes of the musical scale, throw them over a piece of paper, then take his place at the piano, sweep his fingers over the keyboard; the muffled hammers strike the wires, a vibration goes through the atmosphere, strikes your auditory nerve, sweeps clear your brain, floods your soul with purity, and lifts you on banks of melody into realms where you make resolutions to be good that an angel couldn't keep—genius in music.

"An artist walks down a road, sees two peasants wearing wooden shoes, hoeing potatoes. He goes home. Along the way he borrows a few cents from a casual acquaintance, buys a few tubes of colour and a yard of canvas. In his studio, he lays on his dyes, the colours supplement each other, and there is the potato patch, the peasants, the wooden shoes, the hoe handle resting on the shoulders, the hands folded, the heads bowed in reverent devotion, the angelus bells pealing through the evening sky, and all the world is hushed in prayer. A potato patch, peasants, wooden shoes, a few cents' worth of colour, a yard of canvas, a great picture—genius in beautiful things.

"A poet walks along the street, listens to laughter of school children as they go along swinging their books. He throws the alphabet as a lasso

around the laughter, and weaves it into a song of the days gone by—genius in poetry.

"Your Lincoln takes the woe of the slave, dips his pen, and writes the greatest document of the country—genius in statesmanship.

"Men, I have a vision. This world of ours is to-day a neighbourhood. The telegraph and the wireless, the cable and the newspaper have annihilated distance and space. Is there any reason why a neighbourhood should not be a brotherhood? I submit there is not. Through the years, two ideals of government have been evolved. The democratic, of the people, for the people, and by the people, with legislative, judicial and executive departments, two United States senators from each state, one congressman for every one hundred and seventy-five thousand of the population, and a president as chief executive. The other ideal of government is the monarchial. A man is born to the purple, a prince. By accident of birth, he vaults into a throne and commands the people to surround that throne and keep it safe. In the interests of human welfare, this autocratic form of government is going, the democratic ideal will come, and we will put money, time, work, brains and life into a propaganda of national and international fraternity, and organize the world, not into alliances, but into a federation with a court of the nations, whose findings will be as binding as the rulings of the Supreme Court of the

United States. We are rich enough, wise enough, strong enough to do the big thing. Somewhere beneath the stars there is the genius who will blaze the way into the new world order."

It was a popular address. When Creighton proposed a vote of thanks, it was given heartily and unanimously. After the meeting, many of the men crowded to the front, and shaking the doctor's hand, thanked him for the inspiration of the hour.

"You have a fine camp and a wonderful company of men," said Dr. Dithmere to Creighton, as they sat in his office chatting after the address in the hut. "I don't think that I have ever talked to a more appreciative audience anywhere."

"That's because you had something to say, and kept just a few ideas ahead of the men all the way through," replied Creighton, with interest. "They are quick to respond to such an address, but they will not listen to platitudes. Any man who thinks he can hold them by extemporizing on commonplaces has a few guesses coming. The men won't stand for it. They are not hands; they are men. The project is not mine; it is theirs. They say 'we.' That's the secret, if there is a secret, of the way the men stay by the job."

While Creighton and Dr. Dithmere were engaged in conversation in the office, Swen and Sam

were holding an important conference just outside the door.

"He'll be through in a minute," said Sam, as he folded the paper which they had been reading. "I think we had better wait here."

"Ay tank yu ban right," Swen replied, "but ve must see him to-night. Dis ban vot ve vant."

Thus the two men waited until they saw Dr. Dithmere leave the office, and just as Creighton was on the point of turning out the lights, having closed his desk, the men came through the door and stood before him.

"I think we have it," Sam said laconically. "Anyway we want your help. This was given to me by a man who made his get-away before I knew what his errand was. He had one of the men call me out of the meeting and said he had a message for me. 'It will explain itself,' he said, 'and there is no reply.' Then he went away and I went back to the hut to hear the lecture. Swen and I want you to see the letter he left." Sam handed to Creighton the paper he held in his hand. Without speaking, Creighton opened the letter and read:

"FRIEND SAM: if i may call you so. i no you are surprised to get a letter from me but i hope you wont be mad at my writin to you. i want to tell you my thanks to Mr. Creighton for the way he talked to me when i was in camp. i guess he thot i did not cair for what he said and at the first go off i didnt but i node he was a man who had

dun big work with men and wasnt gassin and all the boys in the camp node it. i used to think at nite what he sed and i made up my mind to nock off and tel and live on the square but they sent word that if i pulled off that stuff that they would get me. i wish i hadnt dun it. i made up my mind to be a square bloke i want a chance to square it and i keep thinkin it over and over as i go along. it is a long time since it happened and it is the caus of my being where i am now. i aint got well enuf along to rite as i would talk i no i aint speled all the words rite in this and lots of other mistakes but the worst mistake i ever made was when i let the gang put me in a hole when i swore to a pack of lies on Creighton I was brot up in a poor house until i run away and i never new who my father and mother was and i dont no my rite name but i had no rite to do what i dun. Creighton is the man i think most of in the world the other bunch is a bad lot some day i will tel what i no and it wont be long i wish i node you but that would spoil the game they are spottin me every minit.

"FLECK."

As Creighton concluded the reading of the letter, he looked first at Sam then at Swen, then he said:

"Boys, I think perhaps the best thing to do is to get a good night's rest. I'm not sure of myself. Let us wait until morning. It looks as if there was daylight ahead."

He then turned to put out the light, while Sam and Swen quietly departed.

XV

THE LOST LIBRARY

THERE were times when the monk wrapped his cloak about him and paced the rocky shelf on the mountainside. What he said then was not intended for human ears. The walk seemed to quiet him, the undisturbed communion to soften and glorify his countenance, and as Quinn noted the mystic pacing to and fro, he felt himself drawn toward him with a strange power.

Why should he thus watch the monk, he said to himself when he had just come from the monastery where the arches flung their shadows through the deep interior and where he felt the old revolt against a life that to him seemed to be held in the mastery of carved devices shining in the dim light of the altar.

Through the door, Quinn watched the monks in the chapel at their evening prayers. Before the altar were the crucifix and the candles about it. In the dim light, the monks seemed sad and pallid, and Quinn wondered why men should will to spend their lives in this fashion. "What God do they worship," he asked himself, "that they think He

requires such service at their hands? Their motives were the best. They sought spiritual light. To them, religion was a state of mind in which all of the other obligations in life were cancelled in the relationship of the soul to God. But this detachment from the world was hazy, visionary. To hide in a monastery was quitting the game!" Quinn believed that the currents of life are the same in all men. To him, life itself was the school in which men must learn the lessons of self-mastery. In this school, all men are students, willingly or not. Some are truants, some refuse to study, some refuse to submit to discipline. Yet the school keeps on. That was what life meant to Quinn, but—this!

Twilight fell in the grim halls and the monk, having ended his vigil, was returning to the monastery. He saw Quinn sitting on a boulder, looking out across the sea and he drew near and sat down beside him. He seemed to contrast the difference between Quinn's life and his own.

"People who give advice, my son," he said, after a pause, "are never popular. As a rule, when people ask for it, it isn't advice they want. Generally they have decided what they want to do, and ask endorsement of their plans.

"No, I won't offer you advice, but when I think of you, I try to put myself in your place. To you, the life we lead here seems unnatural. But to us —to any one, wherever we happen to be, life is

lived in facts, values, ideals and obligations. The world without matters little; it is the world within that counts. To work in the world without is to put a fence around our desires. But to renew our life and to kill distrust, that endures!"

Quinn nodded his head.

"Truth sometimes seems plain and humble," continued the lay-brother. "No doubt we make it seem unpleasant to you. But truth is a big idea and we can't get its meaning until we know it in relation to what exists and what we do. No man who thinks wrong can act right. Dirt to the body is sin to the mind! Dirt means pestilence and death. Ignorance, too, has its terrible consequences. Ignorance in religion means superstition. Ignorance in science means intolerance. Ignorance in politics means tyranny: in business, it means disaster. Everywhere it means confusion! Now knowledge means information in due order. But knowledge is not easily acquired. Scholarship never comes by explosion. The treasures of truth are secured by patient toil! Most of our troubles arise from wrong ideas; we are ignorant of the values of life. Therefore, society is rent asunder and men make war. Men have thought and acted as if the relationships of life rested on education, but that is the relationship of a man to knowledge. Men have sought to make the relationships of life rest on patriotism, but that is the relationship of a man to his country. Peo-

ple have sought to base the relationships of life on aristocracy, but that is the relationship of a man to his social order. Or they have tried to make the relationships of life rest on business, but that is the relationship of a man to money. Where there are men, there are brothers. Where there are brothers, there must be brotherhood, and the only enduring relationship of life is the relationship of man to man. But all this you have worked out for yourself!"

But Quinn shook his head.

"You think the life we live here is unnatural. Maybe so. It seems to you that we make poverty and denial our chief concern. It looks to you as though we sought to make crusts the symbol of our religion. That may be true, but not all the truth. A crust and religion go hand in hand for the same reason that a crust and music, a crust and art, and a crust and writing, go hand in hand.

"Come with me, my son," the monk said, after a pause. "There is something I have been wanting to show you," and the monk arose and led the way to a door that was hidden under a vine. Beyond it, a series of steps led downward into the dark. There were rows of gloomy piers that extended through the center of a transept, and between these, the monk led the way to the farther end.

In passing over the stone pavement, Quinn could see from the words on the slabs that be-

neath them the monks shared their resting place in death.

Arriving at the end of the transept, and passing through a door, they entered a low-browed vault. The walls had no ornament but a crucifix in the corner, opposite the head of a narrow, iron bedstead. These, and a table, were the only objects which met Quinn's eye as it accustomed itself to the gloom.

"What a place is this!" he reflected. "No gleam of light in the darkness—no sound to break the silence. This is worse than the prison Creighton was in." And thinking of Creighton, he thought of Jean.

But presently he began to take in the situation, and that the mantle of darkness would still conceal the hardness which the candle-light was unfolding with flitting shadows.

The monk was watching him closely.

"My son," he said, when he had closed the door, "when I came to this place, I spent my first months within these walls. Before I came, as I told you, I was a teacher." For a moment he faltered, but in a little while gathered composure to go on. "There is a pathos in the life of a teacher. He works to free his students from his service. And the day comes to dismiss the student, who leaves the teacher, never to come back. I taught history—the dawn of nationalities. Our ancestors appear in history as a nation already formed, with

customs and language and a civilization of their own.

"In my college work, I gave myself to the study of the beginnings of this nationality: on coming here, I took up this work again.

"I studied the history of single words. In doing so, I found that they revealed culture and the development of the people using them, for if they had a word for an object, the thing itself must have existed.

"After studying the history of a single word, I made comparisons, and found many words of widely separated nations derived from the same root. I now began to write down lists of things I considered valuable in tracing these words to their origin, such as the Greek 'Eos,' the Latin 'Aurora,' the English 'Easter,' the Goddess of the Dawn, dwelling in the East, heralding the return of Spring—Easter—the time we celebrate the resurrection of Christ.

"One day I chanced upon a volume with a cover upon it. From the prompting of curiosity, I removed the cover and found, inside, the plan of a cathedral. As I looked, and as I was about to lay it aside, I was struck with the resemblance it bore to our monastery. Only there were too many rooms, an additional wing which does not appear in this building, there being none, as you know. Again on the point of laying it aside, I noticed a heavy line of a different colour drawn through the

plan, as if to cut off the wing referred to. Let me show you."

The monk now arose, and drawing aside the table, lifted a trap-door, and from a steel-bound wooden box, containing an endless variety of manuscripts, the monk drew out a parchment on which, when close to the light, Quinn could trace the plans.

When he had closed the door, the monk seemed agitated. For a while he sat in silence. The room was dark; only a small effulgence marked the tallow dip at which Quinn gazed, waiting for the monk to continue his story.

"My heart aches," said the monk, raising his head after a lengthy pause. "But I must hurry. Where did I stop?"

"The ground plans of the monastery," answered Quinn.

"Yes. The rocks, as you know, rise high along the western walls. A fissure in one of the boulders caught my attention one day, and as I looked more closely at the wall, I knew the arrangement of the rocks around the foundation was artificial. Then the floor plan flashed into my mind again, and I explored the interior of the monastery, sounding the walls and the floors.

"One day in the crypt that contains the tomb of the beloved St. John, I was impressed by the massiveness of its proportions. It was too large to have come through the door, and besides the

granite, smooth now as it was the day it came from the sculptor, so different from anything else in the entire place, told a story of days long gone by. 'It was placed here during the erection of the building,' I said to myself, 'or at least before the walls surrounded it.'

"On the tomb is an effigy of the Apostle. Matchless sculpture! Not a chip could I find in the work. The joints are so matched that they defy the point of a knife blade. The sides are the same.

"But the floor appeared to me to be of a more recent date. The pattern was perfect, save for a small strip at one end of the tomb. It was coloured to match the mosaic, but of different material and consisting of one solid piece. And the joint was uncemented! For as I pried, it moved. Not knowing why, I brought my weight to bear upon it. To my consternation, it suddenly gave way, slipped in toward the center of the tomb, and I heard it fall with an echo into something, deep and wide.

"The excitement of this experience was so intense, my temples throbbed so with pain that I staggered from the crypt for air, or I believe I should have died.

"But in my eagerness to know more, I was soon in the crypt again. But you shall see. Come!"

The monk arose, lighted another candle, and beckoning Quinn to follow him, opened the door

and led the way into the crypt that formed a side room adjoining the one they had just left. It was but a few steps out of one door and into another, and a few yards to the left. On entering the room, Quinn found everything just as the monk had described it.

Without a word, the monk closed the door, giving Quinn the candle as he did so. A strip of hard wood, about six inches in width and three and a half feet in length, coloured to match the mosaic floor, was now lifted from the place into which it had been perfectly fitted.

The monk knelt down, reached through the opening, touched a hook at one end and then at the other, and as he once more arose to his feet, he lifted to one side the marble slab that formed the end of the sarcophagus. During all this time, not a word had passed between them, and the monk, in apparent self-forgetfulness, took the candle and turning around, let himself down into the opening. The flickering light that stole its way into the weird gloom lit up the impressive features of the monk as he descended beneath the tomb.

"It is but ten steps down," said the monk. "I will go before and light the way. You will have no trouble in following me. Do as I do."

The voice was reassuring, and heeding instructions, Quinn turned around, let himself down into the opening, and as he did so his foot touched the first step. Down, down, lower, lower, deeper,

deeper, blacker, blacker, step by step, and Quinn stood at the monk's side in a narrow passageway between the two damp, crumbling walls. Proceeding along the corridor, they came to an opening that led into a series of larger rooms. The galleries were dark, the corridors spectral, the arches somber.

The monk urged Quinn to keep close to him to see his way, but as Quinn followed his guide, it was not without a sense of terror. He felt as though he were going to living burial. He walked in the fear of his own footsteps, troubled lest they should startle into wakefulness some sleeping creatures. It seemed to him that from out the past whither they were intruding, he could feel the hand of ages, and desolation chilled his heart. But through it all, close to the monk, neither heeding nor choosing, nor yet knowing the way, he was brought by an entrance into a large square room where he saw a rocky ceiling, the crumbling walls, the sandstone floor.

After a pause, the monk said, "The box from which I took the parchments holds, as you saw, many papers and manuscripts—the fruit of my life's work, of years of study. These slabs and figures that you see formed the materials with which I worked. Hold the candle and I will show you."

The monk drew a square of stone from a shelf and, pointing to the inscriptions it bore, said:

"Here, in the words Darius, Cyrus, Xerxes, Persia and Zoroaster, the third letter is always the same. This, however, was not enough to give me the clue that I needed. I wanted to know for a certainty that these letters spelled the names I have mentioned. I studied until I saw that if this word, as you see it here, meant Xerxes, it would correspond with the last syllable of Artaxerxes, there. I found it so, and held the key to open the door of four thousand years.

"These moulds of bricks arranged on the shelf are engraved. This engraving was done with an iron pen before the bricks were hardened. The bricks are volumes from Assyrian, Persian and Babylonian libraries. They vary in shape and size, as you see. The larger ones are monumental slabs. Here are the regular sizes, the shape of an ordinary brick; while here"—and the monk crossed the room, "are barrel-shaped volumes, revolving on the pedestal upon which they rest; the slightest touch turning, as you see, not the leaf but the circular book, as you stand before it to read its contents.

"These small discs with a single mark bear the title of the volume. Passing in this disc to the librarian, one obtained the desired volume.

"This was the form in which ancient books were written, and it was well that it was so. Written on these hard substances, the books have lasted

through the centuries, whereas our paper volumes would have crumbled long ago.

"These statues, monuments and figures also are engraved. History is written upon them.

"But this is not all. Come over to this side."

Following the monk, Quinn stood before a low, broken doorway that led into a smaller chamber.

Creeping through in obedience to the monk's example, Quinn found himself in the midst of a series of benches arranged in groups of three, each a stone slab bearing a mummy.

Inscriptions upon the wall were so obliterated as to baffle any attempt to decipher them.

In several places Quinn could see letters and pictures of a peculiar character chiselled on blocks of stone.

"With these mummies," said the monk, "I found many rolls of papyrus, and from the papyri taken from that mummy," pointing to one in the center, "I was able to translate a psalm of praise to the god, Osirus. By means of this inscription written here in four languages, three of which I could read, I could at last decipher the Egyptian hieroglyphs.

"Here is the last mummy upon which I was working, only partly unrolled, as you see. Hold the candle."

The monk bent over the mummy that lay on the slab, and as Quinn held the light over him, he removed the linen casements. It was a delicate task,

but the monk did it deftly. Yard after yard of the cloth was unwound. On coming at last to the substance between the body and the cloth, the monk removed it, very carefully, from the head of the mummy. Now Quinn could see the features of a person embalmed for thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ.

"You can see," the monk said, as he gave Quinn a ring and a scarabeus, "from this ring and this scarab that the person here embalmed was of high rank. Here is his story, written partly on papyrus and some of it on the mummy cloth," and as Quinn took up a piece of the linen to look at the inscription, he noted that, although it was thick and yellow, the linen was sound.

Suddenly the monk hesitated. He lifted the light and looked around him. There were the rows of Egyptian mummies and the strips of mummy cloth. He looked at the clammy floor, at the ceiling, mouldy and awe-inspiring, then at Quinn. Placing his hand upon his forehead, he stood a moment, then said, "I am tired; the air stifles me. We must go."

Quinn followed the monk in silence.

Once more the monk stopped as if to make a general survey of the place, then he motioned Quinn through the door, and followed him along the passage that led to the steps. The monk gave Quinn the candle and helped him to ascend.

Above them was the tomb, and as Quinn as-

cended, he grew faint, but he succeeded in creeping through the opening beneath the crypt, and the monk was at his side a moment later. The slab was now replaced, and together they proceeded to the room they had left upon this most extraordinary expedition. Quinn resumed his place on the bench as the monk put the candle upon the table.

"A strange world would this be in which to live," exclaimed the monk, "if we had no books, no writings of any sort whatever! Think of living with all the libraries destroyed! And yet a man tried precisely to do this thing.

"In the seventh century was the camel driver, Mohammed. He found the Arabs of the East divided into warring camps. These, he united in a combination of religion and militarism. As a prophet of God, he swept his world before him. To the victors in battle, he promised the gold of the infidel, and to the slain, the women of Paradise. Swarms of Saracens sprang from the ground! Desert and city resounded alike with the cry, 'Death to the infidel!' Horsemen would pounce upon a city, conquer it, give it over to pillage and the sword. The old who fled for refuge to the churches perished in the flames. The young were gathered into the market-place, catalogued, and sold as slaves.

"In Alexandria, the world's great library was located. Seven hundred thousand volumes!

"'If the writings agree with the Koran,' said

the Moslems, 'they are not necessary; if they do not agree with the Koran, they are pernicious; in any case, they are useless; let the books be destroyed.'

"From this roll written in Arabic, I learned that when the Patriarch of Alexandria saw that Saracens would capture the city, and having learned of their purpose to destroy the library, he ordered a collection of its most valued treasures to be made and had them carried to the place where you just saw them for safe keeping.

"But the Patriarch was killed, Alexandria levelled, and seven hundred thousand books destroyed, as everybody supposed, and the world never knew the difference! All this is here recorded. I could not believe the record to be true. But see the proof.

"Here are copies of the Iliad and of the Odyssey, supposed to have been burned.

"Here is Euclid. Here is the Gospel of Philo, the Jew of Alexandria, beginning with the very words of John, and giving the life of Christ."

Without waiting for comment, the monk continued rapidly:

"I was now no longer in doubt concerning the story of the lost library, and I redoubled my efforts to read the records that surrounded me. The ancients lived again and I lived with them. This is the result."

The monk now opened a box and, sitting down

beside it, placed its contents upon his knee. "Look at these treasures, my son," he said.

"A map of the world as it was known to the ancients! It represents the earth as a circular disc surrounded by a vast ocean with northern Europe looking to them very much as the center of Africa appears to us to-day and described as a country, cold, damp and forlorn.

"In this roll you will find the different accounts of a deluge as I found them engraved on the monuments you saw. The records vary. The Chaldeans said, for example, it lasted but seven days, but all speak of it, and the fact that each of the old historians has a record of it, shows it must have been an event which all believed had occurred.

"Here you will find a history of Carpenish, the capital city of the Hittites. The record shows them a very prosperous nation, a cultured people. Three thousand years before Abraham, they had reached a high state of civilization. They had great irrigation systems, civil engineering projects, libraries, deeds of property, contracts for the carrying out of great enterprises, codes and laws. They commemorated days of special achievement and showed a patriotic affection for their country.

"Among these Assyrian records, marked as you see on the outside, you will find transcriptions of legal and commercial transactions. Here also is a code of laws, record of conquests, and a receipt

given by Sennacherib to Hezekiah for talents of silver and gold, with the tale of a war between them that resulted in the capture of thirty cities by the Assyrian armies and the imprisonment of Hezekiah in Jerusalem.

"In this Amorite record, you will find how they worshipped the gods of benefit, such as the moon and the sun. With them, you find mentioned Abraham.

"Here is the Egyptian book of anatomy and the ritual of the dead. Forty days were set aside as the period for embalming, and seventy for the time of mourning. The directions are explicit, for when the spirit returned, as they believed it would, the body must be in readiness to receive it.

"These records from the papyrus in the mummy room which you saw are most complete. Here are records of the earliest civilization. Four thousand years before Christ, the organized forces of Egypt built a highway from the ocean beyond Asia to Africa. Records tell how they held possession of the world.

"You will find the record of Joseph, who became a prince under the shepherd kings, and an account of how the last of these was driven from the throne by a king from the south, who made Joseph and his people slaves.

"These bits of jewelry, taken from the mummies, are beautifully inlaid, as you see. The large pieces were hung about the neck by chains. The

smaller sizes were worn about the arm or wrist. Some of the inscriptions give the names of the owners. The women adorned themselves with jewelry for special occasions, the records tell us, and for religious festivals. The women of Israel secured such ornaments for the Exodus.

"Here we read of the marriage of a princess of Egypt to Solomon, and a record of his burial on the hillside east of Jerusalem. His history is inscribed on papyrus, says the record, and placed in his tomb, where he sleeps to this day with the other kings of the Jews.

"And this record," he concluded, taking up another roll, "is a translation of the writing on the pillars you saw; they will tell you about Heliopolis, where Moses, as a student, abode. Here he lived as a son of the princess, instructed in all of the wisdom of her people."

The monk was about to continue, but the scroll dropped to the floor. Quinn reached out a hand to steady him—even helped him to sit down.

After a long silence, the monk said, "Within these walls, my son, are dwelling four thousand years. Within these corridors, I have toiled on into the deep recesses of the centuries. But far from the light of day, I have looked up through a well of darkness and have seen the heavens filled with stars.

"Here is the oldest library in the world, and the best. But you did not see it all. The ancients

were chemists as well as historians. They made bronze metal, annealed glass, they were skilled in imitating precious stones, they knew how to temper steel, and they made a cement more enduring than granite. They used devices in their giant building to move large masses of stone. The colours on their walls are shining after many thousand years.

"Wisdom is ours, but not in its beginning, my son. We are here for a day, the heirs of all the ages. We only reap what they have sown.

"Take these papers, give them to the world. I lay on you the holy obligation to dispense their wisdom."

Quinn was moved. "I trust," he said, "that this commission given into my hands will succeed better than the one on which I came."

"You will succeed," said the monk, with a curious fervour. And lifting his old hands, took Quinn's into his own.

"Have you pondered the wonder of your coming to us—in spite of sea and tempest—to your promised destination?"

Quinn nodded—but not then nor afterward was he sure of what the monk held treasured for him, in ambition, in his mind.

XVI

BETH AND JEAN

THE fall of the year had come, and with it the bracing air. The rains had turned the mountainsides into blankets of greenery and spread them with wild flowers. Beth had many friends she remembered with birthday greetings, and at Christmas time with gifts. The presents she always selected with special care.

"There," she said to Jean one day. "I wish I could see Amy's eyes when she opens her box; she needs all the comfort that we can put into her life."

"I don't suppose it is right," Jean replied, "but I dread the coming of the holiday season. By this time we had planned to be married, but now ——" and her voice broke as her eyes filled. "I've tried to be brave, but I've reached the end; I can't go on. I'm dead, but I can't die, and I wish I could!"

"You are brave, dear," said Beth, with quiet kindness. "Better times will come. I haven't given up Quinn's return. I have a feeling, it almost amounts to a conviction, although I don't know what to base it on, that Quinn is alive, and that some day he will come back to you."

Jean swept her face with a startled glance. "You are not keeping anything from me, are you?" she cried.

"No, Jean, I don't know," replied the other, "but I believe. And don't wish yourself dead! Think of the help you have been to so many people! You are singing as you never sang before. There's a yearning sympathy in your voice that sends us on a pilgrimage to a holy shrine. Duke told me what the men said after you sang for them. My dear, with your gifts, you are wonderfully blessed!"

"You are so good to me!" Jean replied. "For your sake and Duke's, I have tried to be brave. Duke has been so kind! With all his money, he doesn't use it for a crutch. He has learned to stand on his own feet; even if his father's fortune were swept away, he wouldn't fall. I'm glad for you, dear," Jean concluded; and as she kissed Beth, both arose and walked out on to the veranda.

As they came through the door, a rough man came up the walk and said:

"Beg pardon, ma'am. They told me at the camp that the lady who sings for the men could be found here," and he paused, looking first at Beth, then at Jean. Beth nodded to Jean, and said, "This is the lady."

The fellow made an awkward salute. He was a man beyond middle life, stout, with blond hair and the ruddy complexion of a seaman.

"I met a pal of mine," he said, addressing Jean, "the one that worked in the camp a while back. We was yarning about what happened to us on the *Norman,* and he said that you was a friend of the ship's doctor. He said he told you the last time he saw him he was standin' on the bridge when the ship listed, and when I told him my story, he said, 'Dutch,' says he, 'you go right on up to the camp and find that girl and tell her what you know. She's the real thing,' says he, 'and I owe the Doc my right hand, and anything I can do for a friend of his, I'm bound to see done.' I'm booked to sail to-morrow, so I just came up to tell you."

The sailor paused a moment as if in search of a starting point for his narrative. Beth invited him to a seat on the veranda. He sat for a moment twirling his small white sailor hat; then looking into Jean's eager eyes, he said:

"You see, it was this way. I was on a raft. We had eight men aboard. When day broke, after we'd been all night afloat, the Doc came alongside the raft, lifted himself up out of the sea and crawled in with the bunch like as if he'd come up out of the bottom of the ocean. We drifted around for four days and nights, without food and without water. One after another of the men faded out and at last there was only two of us left —the Doc and me. We didn't do much talkin', but we held on. The Doc was young and strong,

and he had his nerve with him every minute. Just here is where my story pinches out. I don't know how it happened; I was just about gone, but it seems the Doc saw a sail, and nailed his shirt to a plank, and the first I knew after that was when I come to on the deck of a brig that had picked us up. We sailed along a few days, but the Doc was all in, and they thought he was goin' to die. You see, they don't like for a man to die aboard ship, and seein' they was goin' to put off some goods on an island, they just picks the Doc up and lets him down the side into a boat, takes him ashore, and when they came back and we sailed away, he wasn't with us."

"They didn't abandon him to die, deserted and alone!" Jean asked, eagerly.

"No, lady, no! Sailors wouldn't do that to a man like the Doc. They liked him and they thought he would stand more show pullin' through ashore than on board the brig. He was alive, and I'll just give it as my opinion, he wasn't a-dyin'; all he needed was time and rest. As I said, he was young and strong, and he ain't the kind that gives in."

"Then why haven't I heard from him?" Jean asked.

"I'm bringin' you word, ain't I? I'm tellin' you, I think he's alive; you can't kill him, he's tough, and what's more, he ain't the stuff that caves in."

"May I ask your name?" Jean asked presently, when the man made a shift to rise.

"Dutch. Just tell him Dutch called — he'll know. I'm sailin' to-morrow, as I told you, and I must be off now," and bidding them good-bye, the sailor abruptly started down the path.

"Thank you!" Jean managed to call after him; then she went into the house to weep silently, as only a grieving woman can weep.

Beth had stayed on the veranda; and as the sailor left, she was accosted by a man who asked her:

"Where's the half-breed?"

"Is it Sam you're looking for?"

"Yes, the Indian."

"He isn't here now," Beth replied, wrathfully. "And I'd advise you not to be on the premises when Sam returns," and so saying, she went into the house.

For a long time she sat in a rocking-chair, meditating. Then she drew near Jean and, stroking her hair gently, said:

"Isn't life a muddle? Dad used to say there was a difference between a riddle and a muddle. A riddle, some one knows how to solve, but there's no solution to a muddle. I confess it looks like a muddle to me. Here you are, in love with Quinn, and he in love with you, and you're separated. How happy you both would be if only you could be together! And there is that beast, Brunner,

out there; he has come into the mountains on a hunting trip and is looking for Sam. He hasn't been married a year and his wife has gone home broken-hearted, her life wrecked. It's not that he is ignorant," Beth continued, as if speaking to herself. "He has had every advantage that education and money can give a man, but to him, a woman is a pastime, to be taken as he takes a cigarette. He can blow pretty rings of smoke; he can drink without spilling the contents over his shirt front; he has a fine collection of stale jokes; but if any one were to talk to him about keeping his head level, his heart pure, his hands profitably occupied, he wouldn't know what he meant."

Jean lay still—only half listening. She was pondering the sailor's story. Quinn was alive, perhaps—at least the sailor thought so. Then she thought of the contrast Brunner's life presented. "Quinn was capable, and he was pure-minded, like a good coin, passing current anywhere; like a good apple, sweet and sound." That was the reason she had loved him. He was good, and he was good for something.

Beth still thought on about Brunner. Presently she spoke, nodding to the Christmas package she had wrapped the little while before.

"Brunner was at one time engaged to Amy. He became acquainted with her, won her confidence, her love, gave her an engagement ring, promised to marry her; then ruined her, and threw

her down. He went right on with his dancing—and all the rest of it. Nobody turned him down; and after a while he married his present wife. The organ played the wedding march, they were married, received the congratulations of their friends, and all the while Amy, whose life he had spoiled, stood outside the pale of sympathy and help." Beth's lips quivered as she concluded. "Dad gave her money and sent her away. To-day she's a wreck of the girl she was. I can get along without hell, all right. I don't need it for my friends, but what I want to know is, what are you going to do with a wretch like Brunner, without it?

"But if everything isn't wrong, he'll get his before the day is done. When you're through with some things, you're not done with them. Brunner has a sister. I wonder if he wouldn't feel like cutting the heart out of any man who treated his sister the way he treated Amy. What I want to know is, why doesn't he treat the other fellow's sister the way he would like to have the other fellow treat his sister?

"Don't people think of the consequences? After a while there won't be anything left but consequences! Men ought to suffer results for their wickedness and their selfish misdeeds."

There was a long pause. Then Beth continued, "When Amy heard of Brunner's engagement to his present wife, she wrote her a letter. 'I know

it is folly to give advice,' she wrote; 'I'm not presuming to advise you, but there are some things you ought to know. Unless you are only half as wise as I think you are, you will hang up the receiver on him, and let it stay on the hook. There is too much at stake. You will regret your present course with every drop of blood in your heart. I am saying these things to you because some one should.'

"But the woman married him! How hard women are! We are far harder on each other, far more suspicious, far more unforgiving than men are!"

"Perhaps that may be due to the fact that women have higher ideals than men have, and find it harder to compromise than men," said Jean.

But Beth shook her head After a moment, she placed the Christmas box on the table and picked up a Bible. "This was Dad's Bible," she said. "I remember we were making a comparison of Homer and Isaiah one day. Dad said he didn't see why we were not required to study Hebrew as well as Greek literature. 'Isaiah,' he said, 'is as brilliant as Homer and better morals.' Did you ever see Dad's writing?" she asked, giving the Bible to Jean. "He wrote this from Whittier on the fly leaf:

> "'We search the world for truth!—
> To find that all the sages said
> Is in the Book our mothers read.'

"Dad said it calmed him to read the Bible. 'It doesn't dabble in time,' he said, 'it brings us to the place where the soul feels secure. I like to get into the spirit of this Book,' he used to say to me. He marked this verse in the sixth chapter of Micah:

> "'He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good;
> —to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.'

"It's hard to be fair-minded, isn't it?" Beth said as she finished reading the verse, and turned over the leaves of the Bible. "I think the finest illustration of fair-mindedness in all the world is in this Book," and Beth read impressively the story of the men who brought a woman to Christ, and accusing her, said, "According to the law she should be stoned," and of how He listened to them and then said, "You are right; according to the law and your testimony, she should be stoned. You have brought her here. You are prosecuting the case. You are the witnesses. On the testimony submitted, she stands convicted. Now, be your own executioners. Let the man among you that is without sin, cast the first stone."

Beth then read of how the Master stooped down and wrote on the ground, and when He had finished and looked up, every one of the men who had testified against the woman had fled. She read the verses that tell how He turned to the

woman and asked her where her accusers were. "Hath no man stoned thee?" He asked. "None, Master," she replied. "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

As Beth closed the Book, she said, "I tell you, Jean, that is the finest illustration of justice in the world. Theologians may scrap all they want to about the divinity of Jesus. I am for Him! I love Him! He is your Friend and mine!"

Replacing the Book on the table, she said, "It's a long time since that happened. After two thousand years, we aren't within a million ages of its spirit. Christ said, 'Go and sin no more,' and opened a door of hope. We say 'Go' and lock her out!"

Jean sighed, as Beth concluded. "I am glad you have been such a friend to Amy," she said. "I can see how she could trust you, knowing that there was room in your heart for forgiveness and recovery."

"The best of us wouldn't get very far if our friends were otherwise!" said Beth. "When people are ambushed into wrong doing, that is one story; but when a man like Brunner deliberately plans the wrecking of a life, and then tries by half the truth to cover his wickedness, that is another story. That sort of thing isn't new; it was old in Sodom and Gomorrah."

As Beth concluded, she went into the dining-room and began to set the table for the evening

meal. There were the white cloth, the glass, the china, the silver, all agleam beneath the light of the table lamp.

Holding a gold-lined goblet in her hand which she had taken from the sideboard, she said, "Down at the well, hanging on a chain is an old cup. There are holes in the bottom of it, and the iron in the water has eaten half of it away: but if I wanted a drink of water and I had this goblet and that cup, and if the inside of the goblet were full of dust, I'd take the old tin cup with the water running out of the bottom and spattering on the rocks and over my feet. I'd take the tin cup because it is clean. When I think of that man Brunner, and the life he leads, I'm angry!"

For a long time, Beth and Jean sat in silence, in the gathering twilight. They had enjoyed many such talks together, wherein they were accustomed to speak very frankly about the concerns and interests of life.

"Away back in the shadowy corners of the heart of every woman," said Jean, "there is a deep, earnest longing for love and home. Not many of us admit this, even to our friends. Just why, I do not know. We go through the years pretending that we do not care, but all the while our hearts ache at the sight of a fireside. As the longing grows, so also caution and questioning and fear increase. It leaves a void and an aching. It is weakness, I suppose, to speak as I am doing, but

with the right man on one side of a table and the right woman on the other side of the table, you have all the happiness this side of heaven! I'm not sure that heaven itself contains anything better."

A steady hand fell on Jean's shoulder, and she looked up into Duke's face. "Ready to sing?" he asked her. "Creighton has to go to the city, unexpectedly. Beth and I are going to the Inn with you."

"Yes," said Jean, with the smile she could always command. And presently the three left for the Inn where Jean was to take part in a benefit concert.

XVII

TWILIGHT AND EVENING BELL

DURING the days Quinn spent with the monk going over the manuscripts, he was very happy. A new spirit seemed to possess him. A new power had come into his life. He thought often of Creighton and his work. He thought also of Mrs. Morrison, the missionary teacher. He was surprised to find himself making plans to join her and build the children's hospital she needed!

But always he thought of Jean. He sincerely and truly loved her. He had known many women, but Jean was the one he loved. Wordsworth's tribute came often to mind: once he had thought her "not too good for human nature's daily food." But now, he remembered she was bright, with something of an angel's light, and she had a sensitive gift for sentiment and the golden quality men call charm. He knew Jean loved him, knew she must be mourning for him as dead. But as he wondered—hoped, he shared his hopes and his wonder with the old monk who listened to his story, listened without comment, like a man enthralled!

As he sat, according to his habit, one afternoon, considering the past, and waiting for the monk to join him, one of the brothers approached him and, in haste and deep concern, said:

"I beseech you, come with me," and without waiting for a reply, started toward the monastery.

Quinn arose and followed the brother, who hurried down the path and through the door.

"Your friend has come," the brother remarked to the monk, as Quinn drew near the cot on which his friend was lying.

The monk turned his head, ever so little, and seeing Quinn, his face brightened.

Quinn looked about the quiet room; then he set about making it as comfortable as possible. He saw at once he was in the presence of a stricken man. While he was thus engaged, the door opened and a company of men of the order entered the room and gathered about the cot. They waited upon their lay brother with the utmost solicitude. In a devout, reverent manner, they administered the last rites.

Quinn waited, wondering what would follow.

After the prayers, in which the monks united, the prior arose, withdrawing from the room; the others followed, and Quinn found himself again alone with his friend.

As he waited, Quinn tried to realize all it must have meant to the man before him to spend his life in the midst of such surroundings. He shuddered

at the thought of all the plodding years! Sleeping cold, at night, in a chilly cell! Arising at early morning for chapel, while it was dark! And, cold, to sit and listen to the prior discoursing on the virtue of a humble spirit! Again Quinn shuddered as he thought. He remembered how, not a week before, he had seen the monk sitting in the chapel in contemplation; his arms folded in his sleeves, his chin resting on his breast, his face half hidden in his cowl. There was a brooding light in his eyes, and when the service was over, he went alone down the aisle and knelt at the steps of the altar.

"I thought I was going," the monk said, recalling Quinn to the present, and, opening his eyes, "But I am glad you are here," he said. "I have come back, but not for long. God was good, in His mercy, to send you to me. But there is still a secret buried in my heart. Once, I thought I might share it with you, but you will find it in the manuscripts. Every word was written in the presence of one who shares my secret—in the glory of an unbroken fellowship! Every line breathes of a love and comfort—no language could express!"

The monk paused for breath.

"Here is no dwelling place," he continued, "but our Master has given us a promise of mansions of everlasting bliss. My heart aches for them!"

Quinn felt the power of the situation.

"You see, my son, we have nothing to say about

our coming, and little enough to say about going out of life. The beginning and the end of it are in other hands. We are creatures of fixed order; but between fixed points, we live in a world of freedom, of large liberty, among great issues, choosing, accepting, rejecting in life at will.

"Had we foreseen our coming into life, we might have said, 'We do not know the country we must journey through,' and feared to make the adventure. But when we awoke to living, we found a father's strength, a mother's love, home, friends, at least a world so well adapted to meet our needs that we loved it. Where is the man of us ready and eager to die? But who would place his choice above the Father's—who swings the night seasons at His bidding, and gives us leave to sleep when He makes the night? The birds have nests, God willing, and a heaven to fly in, and when their flight is over, leave to stay. We are of greater value than they, Christ told us. What man would not anticipate the place prepared for him!

"Often, my son, the beloved John seemed working with me, and when I toiled, I seemed to see him leaning over a parchment, beside me. With trembling finger, he wrote his story, his face rapt, and persuasive; his hair like almond blossoms; his eyes like somber stars; always his lips were smiling; sometimes he lifted his hands to shade his eyes, and then with vision clarified, he looked back

through the years to the time he was a fisherman, and to the day on which he heard the Master's voice. Often he seemed still listening to the Master's words, as once he hearkened at the cross, receiving the commission to 'go into all the world.' Then I have thought I could hear him say, as he finished the parchment, 'It is a blessed story; but I can't write it all down. Jesus did many things not written here, but these I have chosen to write that men might know that Jesus is the Christ, and so believing, might have life through faith!'

"We learn much from books, my son," the monk continued, after a pause, "but there are lessons which no book can teach us, things which every man must find out for himself. There is a mingled joy and pain in finding one's self, and the experience it brings is wonderful because it is our own. It is well to compare our own lives with the lives of other men. They are our teachers, and often put into words our own experiences far better than we could have done it for ourselves."

There was a long silence; the monk had spoken with effort, and with many intermissions; he now continued: "In my younger days, life was hard with me, as I have already told you. I found more misery than joy. Honours? The world could give me none. Emptiness and despair—these were mine. I sickened in my heart. I knew not what to think, nor what to do, and thus a subtle combination of strength and weakness held me,

when I staggered to this place. My studies brought me much comfort. But above all else, I learned that we can never gain the light by analyzing the qualities of darkness. The only way to know His secret is to yield ourselves to Him. I wanted the knowledge of a God to do the work of a man. I wanted to know all things before I acted on any one! I could not think about any one thing without thinking about them all, and when I was about to act, some new thought held me back.

"Thus, I gave over to the mind what was meant for the will. I was a long time learning this, my son. It took me a long time to see that we are made to grapple. Without will power, the finest intellectual gifts avail us very little. We must think, but we must also act. Thinking is only perilous when it is severed from action. Not to decide is worse than not to think. This life is only a beginning, but we must begin, and the knowledge we have that our lives are too vast to be exhausted by earth's brief action is the strongest witness to the reality of spiritual laws and forces, and our need of contact with them. When I saw this, I saw the way clear. It had never occurred to me that I was to give, to serve, to do.

"'Loss of self crowns,' a voice whispered to me, and I threw my life into the great ocean of God's eternal purpose and lost it, only to find it again, pure, bright, bounteous. My son, remem-

ber this! Remember it! Life is the great beginning. It is a bitter draught for proud hearts, but He whose training at serving cost Him His life, told us that 'he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it.'"

The monk spoke heavily, brokenly, but with solemn emphasis. His words flashed upon Quinn's inner being the light of a faith that looks through death, and as he bent over the monk in an effort to relieve him, unconsciously he said a prayer.

"I shall not have long to be with you here, my son," the monk continued. "The oil of life has burned low, and the earth light will soon go out. Last night, my heart seemed almost to deny me service; it seemed to me it stopped. I seemed to myself a disembodied soul. Thus I lay, until with the coming of the dawn, my brothers noted that I was not at prayers. One more such ebb of the tide will carry me away."

Quinn saw the end was near.

But the monk seemed not to think of death. There are souls so kingly, that we feel that death is incapable to touch them. When he comes, he comes as a servant to remove the hindrances, and break the narrow limits of time. And when they go, they go with such a wealth of being that those who watch their going are made brave with a desire to accompany them.

What a manifest crown of glory rested upon the head of the monk! What power of giving was

there! How wide to all that pointed Godward was the gloomy cell! What kingly relationships! What spiritual power! What beauty, moderation, submission and communion! How clear and peaceful and how undisturbed!

Above them, the bell tower of the monastery reflected the departed glory of the Roman world and held the atmosphere of days gone by. Behind them, the grim walls and the pine trees shaded the paths, where in meditation, the monk had so often walked in deep reflection. Around them, the sea was lapping on the sands, a swelling tide of music, holding a meaning deeper than itself.

What a shrine was this old place for weary pilgrims, whose lives, like the monk's, were broken by rocks of rugged circumstances! How many men had come here, sore beleaguered, seeking and finding peace and spiritual rest!

But now the storm was over—the thunders have ceased—the lightnings have vanished. The eclipse of fear and doubt and pain is over. The wind that had been roaring has died down. The sea that had been raging sings a peaceful song. The outer world that had bulked so largely dulls away and fades from sight. The beams of the setting sun strike gently through the little iron-barred windows and quiver on the wall like gold on water.

It was the hour of twilight—the time for the evening bell.

For a long time the monk was silent, then he

kissed the crucifix, and folding his hands close over it, he held it to his heart. Quinn noted a movement of the lips and, leaning forward, heard the monk engage in prayer:

"Make his sins easier to bear through Thy forgiveness."

"Make his woes to draw near to an end."

"Lead him to his heart's desire."

"Bring them together in deep, high, holy love as man and woman on earth, as saints in heaven."

"Comfort"—the voice sank into a very faint whisper.

"Comfort—all—Thy ——" the words were no longer audible.

As Quinn sat wrapped in reverent meditation, one of the brothers came into the room and rested his hand on his shoulder. Through the tears that blinded him, Quinn looked upon the countenance of his friend and noted the peaceful smile around the lips.

Then he heard the monks' chorus chanting the Sanctus from the mass of St. Cecelia:

"Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus,
Sanctus Deus Sabaoth.
Hosanna! Hosanna!
In Excelsis."

The little lamp on the table was burning very low. There was no sound save the murmur of the evening breezes among the turrets of the monastery. All was still.

XVIII

MISSION INN

THE California southland has been called "the land of heart's desire," not only because of its blue skies and perfume-laden air, but because of the spirit of romance to which the old Franciscans gave expression in a series of missions which they built at day-long intervals, along the sunset trail. The dominant characteristics of the missions—the tile roof, the cloistered walk, the stately arch—have been incorporated in many buildings here. Such an one is the Mission Inn.

The enclosure that forms the entrance to the Inn is shaded with trees. Between the walks and lawns are tropical plants. Orange trees, bearing at once their fruit and their fragrant blossoms, here and there, make golden the grounds. Everything in the enclosure suggests some beauty and restfulness. The gray walls of the Inn are covered with trellises, and from under these, the windows look out with an air of gentle dignity.

Once inside, the visitor might think himself in some baronial hall. There are choir stalls to the right and at the back, old chairs in the center,

while banners of crimson brocade and yellow gold float from the balustrades. All this combines to throw over one an atmosphere of far-away times. Back of the stairs that extend across the front of the hall and to the right is a great organ, and beyond, at the end of the hall, three radiant windows tell the story of St. Cecelia.

Every afternoon and evening the organ is played, and on special occasions, musicians come from far and near and give an evening of such music as only great artists can give.

The audience had gathered in the lobby and were slipping into the chairs and pews in the music room. Jean was to sing. She had received many overtures from managers, but she had chosen to sing to the men in Creighton's camp; and as the people assembled, she was the topic of conversation.

"Why doesn't she do the real thing?" "Why does a woman with her voice waste her time with that bunch of dirt heavers up in the mountains?" These were some of the questions and comments that Beth and Duke overheard as they sat in a dimly lighted corner in the rear of the room.

"She's all right," Duke whispered to Beth after he heard the first note of Jean's opening song. "She has herself in hand. And when she's right —well, she's right——" and the applause of the audience attested Duke's judgment.

After Jean had concluded her program, she

walked along the cloister way, through the lobby, and turning to the left, sauntered along a walk that led to a seat near the St. Francis fountain. As she sat in the retreating nook, the peacefulness of the scene fell upon her spirit like a benediction. The moon was shimmering through the trees; the fountain was murmuring its way into the basin where lilies were blossoming; and in the water, rolling over the rocks, Jean heard the far-away song of the sea. She reviewed again the chapter of her life that was steeped in the tender glow of a loving memory. Through the open window of her soul, thoughts came and departed. Upon the altar of her hidden life, the fire of a joyful sorrow, that at once warmed and burned, was glowing. Then she returned to the present only to find that her reverie left her in bewilderment. At length through her heart seemed to pass a shadowed eagerness like the dying, yet living, pulse of a great hope, and a dream, at once a joy and a sorrow, seemed to take shape. Never had she sung better than she had that evening. She needed no friends to tell her so. There was a mingling of melody and yearning, of joy and pathos, always in her voice—always she carried herself and her audience to Heaven's gate with the magic of her art. And while she sang, she could be cheerful, inspiring and triumphant. But once alone, now as always, the reaction came, and she lost herself as always, brooding on the mystery of her trou-

ble, a mystery that threatened to darken her life.

And, as was often the case, it was the thought of Creighton that gave her back to comfort in herself! Only a few hours ago Creighton had told her good-bye. He had wished her success in her concert, and said he was sorry he found it impossible to be present. He was always kind, no matter how busy! Always sympathetic! And he had a way, some way, always to bring order out of even the most unusual situations. "We all need faith and charity—more of it in our hearts," he had told her once. "Who of us lives by success alone? Life is achievement through struggle." And then he had told her of a man he once knew who declared that Here was Hereafter. He knew it, for he walked in spiritual hell! He said he was burnt off to the knees. "And I remember at that time," Creighton had concluded, "that I realized I was with him, with this difference—I was in to the hips—but I was standing, and fighting, on my feet."

Quieted by Creighton's influence and realizing at last that she needed sleep, Jean started for her room and found Duke looking for her.

"Beth has gone up to bed," he told her. "Are you going, too?"

Jean told him she was, and said good-night.

For a long time Duke sauntered about the lobby. Several times he looked over the register, for lack

of something better to do. It was midnight when he went to bed.

He was sleeping fitfully, when he was startled into sudden wakefulness by the ring of the telephone.

"Hello!" said the clerk. "Sorry to wake you. Long distance!"

Duke waited.

Presently a voice exclaimed, "This you, Duke? Creighton speaking. The boat was late—Quinn just landed. No use coming to the Inn. Bring the girls to the Tavern by sun-up. I'll meet you there."

That was all! Before Duke had time to speak, Creighton had hung up the receiver.

Duke looked at his watch, rubbing his eyes. Two o'clock! He paused a moment as if debating —then suddenly taking up the telephone receiver and calling the room clerk, he said, "Give me 583 —Miss Johnson's room."

When the bell rang, both Beth and Jean started. Neither had slept soundly. As Beth answered the call, Jean listened.

"Sorry to get you out, Beth," came Duke's voice over the telephone. "Just had word from Creighton. Quinn came on the big liner. She was late. Creighton wants us to meet him at sun-up. Tell Jean. Get ready to start at once. I'll get the machine out, and wait for you in the lobby."

"Oh, Jean, Jean!" Beth exclaimed, shivering and trembling in excitement.

"What's the matter?" Jean asked. "Duke hurt?"

"No!" answered Beth, laughing and crying. "No! No! It's Quinn! He's here! He's coming! He's home! Get up—dress! We leave at once. Duke is waiting. Creighton and Quinn are coming—the boat was late—he was coming to hear you sing. Duke is waiting, I tell you! Dress! Dress! We are to meet Creighton and Quinn at sunrise!"

Jean listened as one dazed.

"Quinn is on the way with Creighton! Don't you understand, dear? He's coming! He's alive! Your Quinn's alive—and near!"

Beth was working as fast as she was talking, and having dressed herself, she proceeded to help Jean, who, unable to speak, seemed as one crushed with silence.

Less than a hundred miles away, Quinn eyed Creighton as he came out of the telephone booth.

"Man, you look ten years younger," he said, as they walked away together to enter the automobile. Without making a reply, Creighton drove out of the congested quarter, and soon they were speeding away from the harbour, through the city, and out among the hills.

Between jumps and turns, Quinn told Creighton about the wreck, the lost letter, his experience on

Patmos, and with the monastery man. There had been no way to cable or get a letter across; Quinn had come on the boat that would have carried the letter.

"Mourned me for dead, you say!" Quinn concluded. "Well, I've been buried all right, but I'm here, as you see, and you're here. Where is Jean?"

But without answering, Creighton kept the car to the road. With a steady hum, they swept around curve after curve, until on the straighter portions of the road, the speedometer indicated forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, fifty-seven, then wavered a moment, only to respond to the call of the quivering machine that seemed to cling more closely to the road as the hum of the open cut-out swelled into a resonant blare. Creighton clung to the wheel. The road was a good one. There was none better anywhere in the world. Orange groves, packing houses, white ranch houses hidden in gardens were glimpsed in the dark, flashed and were gone as the wind whistled about the men and died away in their wake. On through the canyon they shot, then out into the open again, over stretches of sand that had blown across the road, and past vineyards, with an occasional machine veering wildly to escape them.

Just as the gray streaks in the eastern sky heralded the coming of the morning, they reached the Tavern.

"I told Duke to meet us here at sun-up," Creighton said, getting out of the machine, "and he's generally on time."

And then as Quinn looked down the road, he saw an automobile round the bend.

With a shout, he sprang forward to meet it; before it stopped, he was on the running board, and in his arms, Jean was lifted down, and as he held her close to his heart and looked into her eyes of loving wonder, he saw her awake to the joyous realization that her prayers had been answered. He tried to speak, but he smiled instead. Who could speak, he thought to himself, at a time like this when he read in Jean's joyous loveliness how happy she was.

Then the light of the morning streamed over them. In a near-by orange tree, a mocking bird was singing. It was a new world—fresh from the hand of God. Then suddenly the four seemed anointed with the gift of tongues. They were talking—each in turn—all at once—explaining, expostulating, putting fragments together to make a connected story.

Presently they thought of Creighton, but when they looked around for him, he was not to be seen. The automobile in which he had brought Quinn had also disappeared. On entering the Tavern, they learned from the landlord that Creighton had left for the camp.

Creighton found himself driving at topmost

speed, as he headed his car toward the camp. Then it suddenly occurred to him that he was out of sight of the Tavern, and he slowed down. He thought of the mad race he had made to reach the place at sun-up. He had wanted to bring Quinn and Jean together after their long separation, and he had thought how he would share their happiness. Then he suddenly felt as an outsider. In Jean's happiest hour, and Quinn's, it dawned upon him that he was not needed, that hereafter she would turn to Quinn, not to him. He felt bereft.

As thus he travelled and pondered, he found himself turning over in his mind the story of Pheidippides who, ages ago, left pasture and flock and ran to Sparta for aid, in the day when Persia had come to invade and conquer Athens. Through the stubble, over the hills, down the dales, between city and city, he raced like fire, and breaking into the council of Sparta, exclaimed, "Persia has come, demanding tribute! Stretch forth the hand and help!" But Sparta deliberated. There was no response. He saw faces leer in mistrust, and eyes glitter in envy! "Athens is threatened!" he shouted again. "The issue is mighty! Persia has come! Will Sparta befriend?"

Then as he saw that there would be no response to his appeal, a blaze ran through his blood, and back over hills and plains he went—heavy-hearted. In the cool of a cleft, he saw a man with

hoofs and horns, the great god, Pan. "Why do you weep, Pheidippides? Why are you so sorrowful? When the hour of battle comes, I shall be present. Tell Athens, Persia will be cast into the sea." And when Pheidippides asked, "How may I know?" Pan answered, "Let this be the pledge," and handed him a sprig of fragrant fennel. And when the day came in which the Persians sailed up to Marathon, and all Athens went forth to do battle, Pheidippides shouted, "Wherever this fennel may grow, I shall fight with the foremost." And as they reached the sea —lo, a miracle! A mighty shout arose, for they saw all the sandy field green with fennel—Persia was overwhelmed—Athens saved!

And when the Athenians cried, "What honours are yours!" Pheidippides answered, lifting his eyes from the ground, "I shall marry a maid I know keeps faith, then go to my house, and when my children stand about my knee, I will recount how God was kind. But first, let me run one more race—on to Acropolis and say—'Athens is saved.'" And he flung down his shield and ran—a race no man has ever made since—from the fennel fields to Athens. "Rejoice! We conquer!" he cried. "Athens is saved!" and as he shouted the message of deliverance, his heart broke—he died, happy forever.

Creighton pondered the story. Since the days of Pheidippides, men have run the Marathon. To

Creighton, it seemed as if his life was a dreary coming down—an enduring—he had no proud tidings to tell—no glorious ending. Again he saw Jean and the man she loved, the morning light breaking about them, and here he was—by force of circumstances—driven away from their happiness. Once he turned to look back, and as the sunlight fell across his countenance, a passer-by saw his face and wondered at it. It was colourless, yet his eyes were radiant with a hidden glory.

XIX

THE RANGER'S CABIN

ALONG with Jean, Beth and Duke, Quinn was back again among the familiar scenes of his boyhood, at home once more in his beloved mountains, sauntering again along the trails he had traversed so many times in the days of his youth.

Soon after his arrival, it was announced that the film was released that depicted the work of the great engineering project, and that it was going to be thrown upon the screen that evening.

After supper, in the gathering darkness, the men came streaming into the movie room of the hut to see the pictures, and as the reel unwound, showing every department of the work—the dam with its wonderful spillways, the check dams far up in the mountains, the tunnel work, the lateral ditches, the camp equipment, the men at work, and the background of mountain scenery—there was applause and evident satisfaction.

When the different groups of men were presented to view, each in turn cheered the others. Sam and his tunnel gang were lustily applauded. Swen and Duke were loudly cheered. But the cli-

max of it all came when Creighton, clad in khaki suit, holding his sombrero in his hand, bowed graciously to the audience from the screen, and waved to the men as if to give them credit for the achievement. Most assuredly, Quinn thought, he did not look as if, by any possibility, the spectre of his prison life could rise and throw him down, still ——

But it was a great occasion! It meant more than a local triumph in engineering skill. It meant a lesson to the world, for the film was to be shown throughout the country.

After the men had dispersed, Quinn and Jean walked along the trail to Inspiration Point. Here they stood, looking down upon the velvet blackness in the valley. Lights from the cities sparkled in the gloom. Above them, the stars were shining. So absorbed were they that, before they were aware of it, the stars faded from the sky, the lights below dimmed, and a black storm drew its curtain over the world.

In the distance, the clouds had been gathering. Away in the heights was heard the challenge of their approach, and before a man could think, the wind blew, the thunder crashed, the lightning gleamed, the rain beat down, and the storm was upon them. Involuntarily, Quinn rummaged in his pocket for a flashlight, but he knew in a moment it was not there. Inwardly, he protested. "Will the world ever keep right?" he said to him-

self, and then in the darkness, he fancied he saw Jean's cheek, delicate as a rose, and he was glad —glad with the joy of living.

Still, Quinn knew what these storms meant. They meant cloudbursts in the mountains and floods in the valley, and he knew that before long the mountain streams, wild and turbulent, would be carrying underbrush, wood, and trees headlong down the mountainside. And as the storm came charging through the skies, flinging defiance into the heights, and evoking the spirits of the hills, Quinn drew Jean to him and kissed her cool wet face.

Quinn knew that they were not far from the cabin of one of the mountain rangers. "If we can reach it," he said, "we can find shelter." As the lightnings gleamed, lighting up the mountainside, Quinn noted where the path to the cabin left the trail. "If we can find the way down the slope to the bridge that crosses the ravine, we will be all right," he said, as they groped their way through the darkness. Now the lightning blinded them, then the gloom enveloped them, and all the while the rain fell in torrents upon them.

To keep to the main trail was not so difficult, but having left it, they found themselves skidding down the steep, narrow path as the wet earth gave way beneath their feet, and a flood of water cut the ground from under them. Somehow, they never knew just how, they came to a place where,

in the darkness, Jean involuntarily stretched forth her hand, and as she did so, a cry of joy escaped her lips, "This is the post—this is the end of the cable—here is the rope—this is the foot bridge!"

Quinn felt his way through the darkness, slipping one hand along the cable and holding Jean with the other. The bridge swayed in the gale. Beneath them roared the waters; above them was the gloom and terror of the storm; and around them the pelting rain that drenched them. At times it seemed to them that the bridge would surely snap as it was lifted by the storm, then as suddenly thrown down again. Thus, they struggled on until they reached the opposite side, and crawled through mud and rain, up and on to the platform of the cabin. It seemed an age before the lock yielded and the door opened, but Quinn finally succeeded in turning it back, and as he pushed Jean through the door and closed it, the thunders crashed again, the lightning flared, and the rain beat on the sounding door behind them.

For a moment they stood within the cabin waiting until their eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

"You are trembling," Quinn said, with his arm about her.

"Yes," she replied. "I am wet and cold, as you are, but I'm not afraid. I was afraid on the bridge; and I thought of the *Norman,* but with you, I was happy."

A small stock of provisions is a part of the equipment of a ranger's cabin, also fuel and clothing for just such emergencies. Flood and fire must be met, fought and overcome. In the fireplace, therefore, kindling and logs were in readiness, and when Quinn struck a match and the cones began to burn, as they crackled and snapped, the flames glared and glowed around the logs, and presently a sense of comfort pervaded the place.

Quinn put Jean in a chair, into which he had thrown a skin, and as he drew it before the fireplace, for the moment the lover vanished in the physician, and he wrapped a blanket about her shoulders. "Breathe deeply," he said, as he knelt before her and unlaced her boots.

As they sat there steaming, and steam they did, before the kindly fire, they laughed and talked far into the night.

"This makes me think of the monastery," said Quinn at one time, after a pause. "In the shadows, the old pictures form again. Sometime I am going to tell you all about my monastery man. It is a story of love and banishment and troubled times, and a man unafraid—all of the elements of a great tragedy. But I don't want to talk about him now. Saints are interesting, but they are poor substitutes for a girl," and Quinn again kissed her tenderly.

"Love, banishment, a troubled time, and a brave

man," mused Jean, as her mood changed. "I wonder if you know what that means."

"I think I do," Quinn replied, "but what I want to know now is, what you thought about while I was gone."

"Oh, the solace for a broken heart is occupation," said Jean. "The nuns find peace in their ministries. Your monastery man found his in his studies. Mine came in music at first. Through it, I understood my own heart, all hearts. Always, a great tenderness filled me, for when I sang, I sang to you, and I was comforted, not by the applause of the audience, but by the great assurance that you loved me. That gave me strength; but for that—I should have died.

"You had gone down bravely into the depths of the sea," she continued, presently, "refusing to abandon the ship, they said, but somehow I was not alone. I lived as though you were near, with your hand in mine." Jean's eyes were dark with tears. "I never saw a splendid dawn, a sunset—I was never thrilled, I never sensed the fragrance of a flower but I seemed to share them all with you.

"So I lived, seeking always to find solace by blessing and inspiring others. But I suffered, no one will ever know how much, and I battled—God only knows how hard."

As Quinn listened, and looked at the beloved, trusting girl beside him, he saw things in a new

light. Jean had put into the days of their separation a devotion that thrilled him. He had undergone physical suffering while adrift on the raft. It was not physical suffering that Jean had undergone—it was the heart of her.

And then, looking into Quinn's eyes, Jean said, after a long pause, "I shall never forget Aunt Miriam. At the last she saved me from despair and madness. She took me to her heart and loved me. I remember how one day as we were talking about you, she said, 'Jean, you ought to be thankful.' 'Thankful!' I cried. 'Aunt Miriam, don't you understand I've lost everything? Quinn's gone!' 'Yes, I know,' she replied, 'I know he's gone, but how! You didn't lose your man in any vulgar way.' Then she opened the Bible and read —'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' 'He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.' 'He shall keep thee in all thy ways.' 'Don't try to figure it out,' she said; 'just take it as it is, and it will prove itself to you. You have lost a hero—and gained his memory.'"

Quinn became thoughtful. Jean had come into a sense of religious trust in a woman's tender emotional way. It came as a challenge to him. If God did that for Jean, Quinn was bound to be grateful. Was he in a frame of mind duly to appreciate this? To Quinn, the experience of the race was the guide of man. Then it occurred to

him that if this were true, then Jean's experience had to be reckoned with, and there flashed upon him Wordsworth's words—"Trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home." And the conviction seized him that life is not so very different from what it has been since the beginning of history.

As they sat in silence before the fire, Quinn found himself comparing the triangle which his life and the monk's and Jean's presented. The monastery man was concerned with the meaning of existence; Quinn with the means of existence; Jean with the heart of it. The monastery man wanted to understand; Quinn wanted to experiment; Jean trusted. Quinn's world was the natural world; the monastery man had a world external to mankind; Jean's was the world within. The monastery man sought a comprehension of truth; Quinn possessed a keen scent for it; Jean lived by it. Quinn sought the laws of moral health just as he had sought the laws of physical being; the monastery man accepted the ascetic ideal; Jean was the embodiment of the spirit that is back of all laws and expresses itself in every form of goodness. The monastery man sought a plan; Quinn wanted facts; Jean was a pulsing heart. The monastery man dealt with causes; Quinn with effects; Jean with life. The monastery man defended the old; Quinn the new; Jean the eternal order. The monastery man thought of the sacred; Quinn of

the secular; Jean of the abiding. To the monastery man, God was remote; to Quinn, God was the substance of life; to Jean, He was a comrade in the struggle. The monastery man believed in a divided world; Quinn held that the universe is a unit; Jean took it to her heart.

As Quinn made the comparisons, he found himself taking Jean's position. Aunt Miriam, in her simple way, had been a true interpreter; she had helped Jean to realize that it was God with Whom she was dealing when, in the hour of her despair, a deep peace came to her. Such heroic endurance could only be inspired by the assurance of God's nearness. This conscious acceptance of the meaning of life brought a response so satisfying that it could only come from the God of all comfort and grace. Quinn's moral sense led him to this conclusion. He knew what Jean thought; he felt that she was right, and he found himself taking the road with her. As to the future, there was no doubt in his mind. He was Jean's man! With her to love him, he would succeed. They would be happy. Love and progress would go hand in hand with them.

"Jean, do you remember the first time we walked along the trail out to Inspiration Point?" he said. "Do you recall the winding path with the pine trees and the tangled undergrowth, the moccasin flower with the crimson in its heart? Do you remember the squirrels that scampered

across the path, and the birds that sang? I can still smell the bay trees, and feel the mountain air. And Jean, do you recall the fine intimate joy of it all? That joy has never left me. The strange, the tragic, have never disturbed it. Nothing frightened me because I knew I could always touch one hand in love, that there was always one voice that spoke in loyalty."

Jean's head was against his shoulder.

"Listen to the storm," she said. "How fine the wind is! I love it! It is so defiant, so sure!" and they listened in silence, as the wind made the cabin tremble, and shivered through the trees, with a voice and a meaning that brought a message to both of their hearts.

Quinn replenished the fire; then as he resumed his place, Jean said, "Tell me more about your monastery man."

"I want to," Quinn replied. "I remember how I sat with him and we talked as intimately as you and I. He told me his story: 'All men need a companion, a congenial soul,' he said, 'a trusted friend in whose presence they can shake out their hearts.' He told me how, as a young man, he had fallen in love. How happy they were! Then because his brother had gone wrong, her family forbade the marriage. He had gone West, he said, to straighten things out, but all to no purpose. As I recall the story, it's amazing how it parallels with what we know of Creighton, and as I remember

it now, the monk looks enough like Creighton to be his double—same eyes, same voice; but then all men who live on a high plane bear a certain resemblance."

Thus Quinn went over again the story of the going down of the *Norman,* the loss of the letter that held the secret of his mission, the monastery, the manuscripts, the monk's fortitude.

"He seems to live with me. The stream of his life overflows into mine. Such men live by virtue of the power of their goodness. If, as he believed, we have an immortality, we certainly have one here. His cry, wrung from lips of pain, echoes in my mind to-day as clearly as when he spoke to me. His love, achievements, character live in my heart and will live. If matter and force are indestructible, truth and goodness, embodied in a life like the monk's, shine in widening circles of influence.

"You've got to reach beneath the surface," Quinn concluded, "to get the real facts of a life like his. That old monk's soul was smouldering, but smothered as he was, he never died. That is what impressed me. 'There may be people who dream of life as tranquil, with a sky forever blue,' he said one day, 'but you and I know better. Life isn't tranquil, but it may be serene; it is often wild, but we can make it joyous through fellowship.'"

Thus the two lovers talked until they saw the first gray streaks of the morning, and presently

they beheld the torch bearers of the new day skirting the hills and lighting up the mountain range with dawn. The night was past! Day was at hand!

XX

THE VINDICATION

DAY and night, throughout the two weeks of the storm, Creighton, Duke and Sam were with the men inspecting the retaining walls, looking over the check dams and carefully scrutinizing every detail of the work. On the crest of the storm, torrents of water came down the mountainside sweeping everything before it. Any opening that might be made by the silver chisel of the waters would have resulted in stampede. But in every department, the work stood the test, and at last the strain of anxiety gave way to confidence. Sam and Swen had awaited this result with exceptional eagerness. They were interested in the work and they were anxious about the outcome, but another matter held their thoughts with even greater tension. A week before the storm, Creighton had given them leave of absence to go across the range. They wanted to get away for a week or two, they had said, for a jaunt. Then the rains came and it had not been possible for them to go. Now, however, they were on the road. They had left the camp rather

hurriedly, had crossed the range and spent some time with the old prospector, mentioned heretofore.

"Yes," the prospector replied in answer to Sam's inquiry. "Two horses went over the trail a few days ago—one white, the other a dark brown. One of the horses was smooth shod," added the old man, as they left him, disappointed that they had apparently no time to sit and talk.

But over a week had elapsed since Sam and Swen had had the conference with the prospector. They were days of relentless searching. Finally high noon found them sitting by the side of the trail.

"Dis ban it by de paper," said Swen, waving some directions in his hand, "an dis ban it by de road. Ay tank it sidestep here quick."

"We are on the right trail and this is the place, but the clue pinches out, as you say," Sam replied. "But that is just the way it should do," he added. "If it was plain as day, everybody would see it. I think I can find the opening we are after," and so saying, he turned aside into the dense wood, working his way through the tangled brush, pushing on into the deep, thick, gnarled, twisted underbrush, that covered the rocks and boulders over which the men stumbled as they went forward in silence. Both men were keen observers and Sam's trained eye told him that, whereas they were off the beaten trail, nevertheless, the branches of the

bushes showed that they had been parted only recently by some one who had worked his way through them. They now came to a place where the underbrush was a solid mass of growth. Swen had evidently concluded that it could not be penetrated and was on the point of turning away, but Sam motioned him to remain, and at the same time he proceeded to separate the bushes and, as best he could, elbow his way between them. Swen followed him and the two presently found themselves in front of the door of a shack hidden by the shrubbery that grew around and over it.

Sam knocked, and waited for a reply. In a moment the door opened cautiously and an Indian woman stood before them. As the men entered the room, and the light filtered in after them, they saw a man lying on a cot. He stirred at the sound of their coming, and engaged in a vain attempt to open his eyes. His hair and beard, streaked with gray, were long and unkempt. His blackened lips moved in an effort to speak. He seemed to be trying to relieve his mind, to rid himself of a burden which he could no longer bear.

"Are you Fleck?" Sam asked.

But there was no reply. The man lay in silence, his breathing laboured, beads of perspiration on his forehead. He looked like a lean old wolf. It was a terrifying picture!

While Sam and Swen were looking at the man, the squaw was fussing in the corner, at the foot

of the cot. She now drew forth an envelope from a box and gave it to Sam. "Him say—give you," she stammered, pointing to the man on the cot, and trembling, probably under fear of his threats. Possibly he had persuaded the poor thing to join him to help him to escape detection, and look after him in his degradation. For her reward, he had cursed her, likely, threatening her life if she dared to disobey his orders. He must have passed through delirium, raving in the madness of final sickness, and was now settling into coma, when Sam and Swen entered the shack. As the squaw thrust the envelope into Sam's hand, he looked at Fleck, then at Swen, and in disgust, he muttered, "It's him—and a squaw man." Then putting the envelope in the pocket of his blouse, he motioned Swen to follow, and they went out of the room, closed the door, worked their way through the underbrush, back to the point at which they had left the trail.

For a long time the men sat in silence, pondering the spectacle they had witnessed.

"Dis ban bad bizness," Swen said at length. "Ay ain't 'fraid to die if yu go right, but dis man ain't make gude end," and a sense of depression descended on them.

"I guess you're right, Swen," Sam replied. "I don't know all that was in his mind, but I have a guess. He's getting his! I thought I might need your fists. But he couldn't travel. I'm glad you

came—I needed a witness. Now, we'll clean this thing up, quick, and go down to the city for the Judge."

It was the day before Christmas when Sam and Swen returned to the camp. They were changed men. A new light illuminated their faces. A new joy filled their hearts. "Dis ban a Merrie Christmas," Swen said, as they drew near the office. But they found the office empty, and for the first time it dawned upon them that Christmas was at hand, and that Creighton must be out about the preparations for some celebration.

"Vat shol ve du?" Swen asked, rather crestfallen.

"Find him," was Sam's reply.

"He ban hard man tu find."

"We'll get him," said Sam.

The watchman at the powder house told them he had seen Creighton returning from the spillway of the big dam. He had stopped at the office for an hour or so, he said, but where he was now, he did not know.

They found him presently, crossing the dam—he was visible in the distance, plainly seen in the rare light of that altitude, but half an hour away.

A blue haze was creeping into the recess of the mountain, a glow of pink enveloped the sky; the sun was winding a many coloured scarf around the peaks that were covered with snow; the cres-

cent of the moon silvered in the distance, and, one by one, the stars began to shine.

Swen knew that the country was familiar to Creighton. Years ago, Creighton had made the surveys for the railroads. After the work was done and the entries made, requests for concessions were sent to Washington—false entries. On these entries, concessions were granted. Of these forgeries, Creighton knew nothing. The reports had been tampered with, without his knowledge. When the Government finally made investigations, Creighton was arrested, and because his name was on the report, he was railroaded into the pen by the scoundrels who had thrown him down to save themselves.

"A term in prison isn't an excursion," Creighton was saying, talking to himself. "The white space—the black floor—the green wall—the narrow door—the little round peep-hole at the level of a man's eye—the row of cells on the other side of the corridor—the bang of the doors—the darkness and the silence in which you smother and choke and try to stick it out! An hour like that is longer than eternity!"

Creighton paused on the bridge and looked up at the snow on the peaks, glistening in the starlight. The sight carried him through the years to the time when, as a boy, he had been tucked into bed, and lay dreaming of the good Saint who would come down the chimney and fill his stockings!

He recalled the Christmas trees! Christmas was the gladdest day in the year! And he remembered how, as a young man, one Christmas eve, he lay half sleeping, and the sound of the Christmas songs rang out upon the crisp night air and floated in upon his spirit. Then he drifted off to sleep and dreamed a never-to-be-forgotten dream!

He seemed to be with the people assembling in a village church, wrapped warmly, and happy with Christmas joy. Inside the church, there was an air of secrecy as if a good joke was to come off. When all had gathered, and were ready to start out, some one stepped to the desk with a roll of white ribbon; with deft fingers, she tied a bow with many loops, and fastened it in the corner of the desk. Bearing with them the roll of ribbon, which unwound as they proceeded, they trooped out and into the sled that awaited them. On they drove, the sleigh bells jingling in the crisp air. As they stopped before the first house, they began to sing, "Oh, little town of Bethlehem!"

In his dream, Creighton saw that when they had finished their song, they walked boldly up to the steps and entered the house. Flocking into the living-room, they fastened the broad white ribbon over the mantelpiece, securing it there with a star. Then they went gaily out into the snow again, bearing with them the white roll, which ever unwound as they went.

At the next house, they sang, "For Christ is born of Mary." No sooner was the verse finished than they stormed the hearthside, securing the bow of white, as before, with a golden star.

Then on again, the laughing throng went to the next house. Here another carol rang out on the night air. Again the never diminishing ribbon was secured with a golden star over the hearth of the home.

In his dream, Creighton joined in the songs, and as they heralded their entrance into every home with a carol and a verse of one of the old hymns of Christmas, they fastened the broad white ribbon with a golden star. This they did until every house in the village had been visited, and every home adorned; not one was omitted—none were left out—none were too proud, and none too humble to be looped together by the white band that linked from house to house.

And just as the clock in the steeple pealed out the stroke of midnight, the happy people trooped back into the church from which they had started. At the desk, the ribbon, still unwinding, came to an end! There was just enough to reach to the bow where the end was secured.

Creighton had been happy that Christmas morning, when at the breakfast table, he told his mother his dream. Since then, he had been through much. And now! Here he stood, a one time convict, outside the pale of human love—and at Christmas!

So deeply was Creighton engrossed in these thoughts, that he started when he saw Sam and Swen approaching. They had been away. Creighton knew why! When they reached him, there was an awkward pause. None of them could think of anything to say. There was an oppressive silence, then Sam suddenly came to himself and, taking the letter from his blouse, presented it to Creighton. And they withdrew, without having spoken a word!

When the men retraced their steps, Creighton opened the letter. It was growing dark, but, by looking closely, it was still possible to see, and he had good eyes. As he read the letter, his face was good to behold. At last he held what he had longed for; Sam and Swen—good, tried, true, loyal friends they were—had got it for him, and left him to himself! They had no wish to stand in the reflected glory that shed its rays upon him. Yes, they were real men—no parade—no intrusion; they had gone, leaving Creighton to himself with his happiness.

Then into the stillness of the hour, there came a subtle bitterness. Through the years he had fought this battle. He remembered how when the blow came and the sentence was pronounced upon him, he had offered to set free the one woman he had loved—his wife; and he remembered how she had said, "Is it possible that you do not know me! I love you more than I did when you were free. I

will wait. I can work." Yes, her love and her faith were the things that saved his reason. But he remembered also how she had hoped against hope, counting the weary hours, until at last she had broken under the strain. The sleepless nights, the despair, the longing, were too much.

And here was the proof to the world that her love and faith had not been squandered. But in the moment of exoneration, she, whose opinion he valued most, was gone! Where was the God of justice! A wave of rebellion against what had been laid upon him surged through his mind. Again he lived through all the long days of bitterness—and now—what was left! This—this thing he held in his hand—what was this relief compared to the night of gloom through which he had come?

Then a wave of desire to share the happiness of his vindication with others—with the young people—came upon him. Out of the bitter circumstances of his past life, he told himself to trust in the unseen, for there was nothing else to do. He remembered how one of the men, at the camp forum, had said that the mighty Kant had spent his life in trying to prove that God did not exist, and at the end, in spite of his life's work, he said, "I do believe." And Creighton believed! And then the sense of Fatherhood that ever claims its own, claimed him. The days of joy in his own life had gone! But there was Jean! In her hap-

piness and Quinn's, he might taste the happiness of others.

Then he thought of Beth's father who had spent a fortune trying to right the wrong done to his friend. So long as he lived, he never gave up the fight. It was he who had left instructions to send Quinn to Patmos with the letter. The letter had been lost; no one would ever know its contents, but Creighton knew its bearings on himself.

Thus, unconsciously, he found himself turning to the cabin. He had not gone far before he met Quinn and his dog.

"We're out in search of you," Quinn said. "They sent me to bring you to the cabin to spend Christmas night."

"Thanks!" said Creighton. "I'll be glad to go with you, but if you don't mind, let's walk around to the other side of the cabin. I want to talk to you. I've wanted a chance to talk with you alone ever since you came back. There are some things I think you ought to know.

"You remember the day I met you in the Arroyo! I was desperate. I had reached the limit. But that wasn't my first trip through the Arroyo. Of course you know that your father was the chief ranger of these mountains. Many's the time we had eaten together in the same spot where I met you."

"You don't mean to say you knew who I was!" Quinn asked.

"No, I was not sure, and when I found out, you had gone on your mission. Now you're back, thinking you have failed."

Quinn looked at Creighton with searching scrutiny. "May I ask you a question?" he said. "When I was stranded on Patmos, I met the man I told you about. He gave me some manuscripts, asking me to have them printed. He also asked me to look up a brother. He told me the story of the brother's life, and he hinted, as you have just done, that my mission had not failed. The story he told me dovetails marvellously into your life, as I know it, and when I close my eyes and listen to your voice, I imagine it is the monastery man speaking!"

Before Quinn could proceed, Creighton interposed: "When I was a boy, I had three chums. We four were always together. When we grew to be young men, three of us came West—one stayed East, my brother; he had been disappointed. Your father was one of the men who came West with me. Beth's father was the other. I was thrown down by a gang—and sent up. Your father died years ago. Beth's father fought for me with utter loyalty. Life meant little to us separated. Often he visited me in the prison. When he knew that he was going to die, he said, 'I don't want Beth and Jean to be alone. The only one left to take the responsibility of their welfare is your brother. I have arranged with the

trust company to send Quinn to bring him back to take his part in the world's work. When he reads the letter, he will come.' You see," Creighton continued, "Beth's father figured that my being a convict, Jean needed some one to back her—and he was right."

Again Quinn sought to speak, but Creighton waved him into silence.

"I know what you're going to say," Creighton continued. "You're going to ask—'why haven't you told this before?' Man, there were times when I thought I could no longer keep silent. I remember one day when you were away, Jean came into the office, and as we talked together about you, she said that when she talked to me, it seemed to her that she had always known me, that the sound of my voice was strangely familiar, that my eyes gave her a sense of serenity and peace. I was on the point of speaking out then, but just one thing held me back; I wanted this——" and Creighton gave Quinn the letter from the Judge, containing Fleck's confession.

There was a profound silence.

Then Creighton went on to explain how it was he came into the mountains the day he chanced to meet Quinn. With a glowing tribute to Quinn's father and Beth's on his lips, the men drew near the cabin. Through the south window, they saw Aunt Miriam, the embodiment of the spirit of

Christmas, busy as she was, dispensing Christmas cheer.

Looking again, they saw Duke and Beth light the bayberry candle—a new thing to Creighton, but he remembered having seen one lately in a curio shop, and recalled the little card with it, that ran:

"Burn this candle on Christmas Eve—
It will bring happiness and good fortune."

But now Creighton's eyes went past the candle to where, at the piano, sat Jean. Fair girl—beautiful in herself, and now because she was loved and loving—looking more than ever like her mother, who had died so many years ago!

In his pocket was the letter. Yes, he was a clean man. Now he could speak. Would Jean know him? Could she remember? Could he bring back to her the outlines of a face—his—that she had seen so far back in her childhood days?

Then he heard the piano. Jean was singing:

"Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace."

They walked to the door—and knocked.

Some one called for them to enter, but they waited for them to open the door. It was yet in-

credible to Creighton that he should leave the chill of the outer darkness to go into a room firelit, sweet with a companionship that he need no longer hesitate to take a share in, and to claim the daughter his heart had so long yearned for, to call its own.

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